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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

CONTENTS 415

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
The Appeal to Conscience 418
The Isthmus Holding Company, Limited 418
From Grotius to Grosvenor 419
Chatter About Foreign Trade 420
Editions De Luxe 420

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:
Palermo 421
Madame d'Houdetot 422

CORRESPONDENCE:
Titian's Sacred and Profane Love 423

NOTES 423

BOOK REVIEWS:
John Sargent, Painter 426
Darwin's Municipal Trade 428
Rome and the Renaissance 429
The Art of the Pitti Palace 430
Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.—The House of Life 430
The Forest 430
Le Travail du Style 431
Appleton's New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary 431
Four Years under Marse Robert 432
Among the Great Masters of the Drama 432

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 433

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1903.

The Week.

The time-worn question, "What constitutes a State?" is much in order in the case of the bantling Republic of Panama. It has a self-appointed triumvirate, and an incipient diplomatic service named by three consuls. It has no discoverable Constitution, no legislature; and what its judiciary is, let who knows answer. Clearly, some of the usual appurtenances of a State are lacking. Apparently there are more diplomats than soldiers or judges; and this suggests the thought that when M. Bunau-Varilla tells the Czar of "the end which the obvious intentions of Providence have assigned" to the State of Panama, he means the capacity to make treaties. Evidently, the Republic of Panama has no other reason for being; and if it be a sufficient entity for treaty-making purposes, it could only superfluously burden itself with the minor accessories of nationality. In any case, it seems in no haste to do so. To the pundits in international law we must refer the unique case of a nation which is a bare treaty-making power, and a Government that is merely a foreign-office.

Oh "republican form of government," what side-splitting jokes are committed in thy name! The Panama "commissioners to negotiate a treaty" are confronted, on their arrival in Washington, with a treaty already signed. The whole thing was done between luncheon and dinner. At one o'clock the Secretary of State had not got beyond the preliminary question whether there was need of a new treaty at all; by six, everything was signed, sealed, and delivered, amid "hearty congratulations." The commission to negotiate is now to be transformed into a commission to ratify. Why not? The only real credentials of the commissioners are, like those of Cardinal Ximenes, nothing but artillery—the guns, in this instance, being on our warships. There is surely no need of waiting for Panama to frame a Constitution and form a government. A Panama Senate might conceivably object to a treaty alienating the sovereignty of a strip of land ten to twenty miles wide right across the republic. So it was cleverer to have the treaty "ratified" before there was any Panama Senate. As for waiting for the Panama commissioners, it was obviously much easier to deal with one man than three, and he, being a Frenchman, would, plainly, have a facility greater than any native's in giving away their territory. Indeed, our State Department never displayed greater resources. There was an awkward hitch, for a moment, over the seal of the Republic of Panama, which it was necessary to affix to the treaty. There was no seal, any more than there was a republic. But a clerk came gravely forward with "an improvised seal" which he had thoughtfully provided. Improvised republic, improvised seal. What could be neater?

It is not surprising that Wall Street should have begun to discuss with a good deal of interest the manner in which the "Panama payment" will be made, and the effect of such payment on the markets. As matters stand, our Government is bound to pay, on the ratification of the treaty, $40,000,000 to the French shareholders in the Panama enterprise, and $10,000,000 more to the Isthmian State conceding the canal. On the face of things, this would appear to mean the "laying down," on a given date, of $50,000,000 at Paris and Colon. If shipment of such a sum were to be made in actual cash, a question of very great interest would arise, as to whether the cash sent out of the country would be obtained from the Treasury vaults or from the money market. It might be drawn from either, for, in addition to the $144,000,000 actual cash in the Treasury's own hands, the Government has $159,000,000 on deposit in banks and subject to demand. If only the idle cash in the Treasury vaults were used for the Panama remittance, no disturbance would occur in the money market. If, on the other hand, the banks were required to send $50,000,000 gold abroad, the money market would naturally be much upset.

But the situation is not as simple as this description might seem to indicate. The Treasury, it is true, has $144,000,000 actual cash on hand. But of that sum, upwards of $10,000,000 is in the form of uncoined silver and fractional coin; while the balance is held against $100,000,000 demand liabilities of the Government, in the nature of outstanding checks, disbursing officers' credits, national bank redemption fund, etc. It may be doubted whether the Treasury could with propriety draw as much as $50,000,000 out of this working fund. What it probably will do, is what it did when the $20,000,000 Philippine indemnity had to be paid to Spain in 1899. It drew almost equally on the Treasury's cash reserve and its bank deposits. The proceeds were invested in London drafts, to mature in sixty days. These drafts were remitted to the Spanish Government's agents, who could have held them until maturity, or turned them at once into cash at the European discount houses. If this country's accruing foreign credits, at the moment, had been large enough, the $20,000,000 charge might have been met, when the drafts fell due, by shipments of wheat or cotton or securities. As the matter actually fell out, however, the New York market, when the bills matured, sent to Europe almost exactly $20,000,000 gold.

A fine moral crescendo appears in the reasons which the State Department is reported to have given for being against the annexation of San Domingo. In the first place, annexation has not been offered; second, we should be unwilling to annex a country of which the majority of the inhabitants are against it (please don't utter the word Philippines—that has nothing to do with the case); third, San Domingo has nothing that we want. True, we used to want Samana Bay consumedly; but our war vessels draw so much more water than they did in the seventies that the harbor would now be of little use to us. Not really needing San Domingo, therefore, law and morals forbid our seizing it. If, however, it should in the future appear vitally necessary to give employment to some American dredging company with powerful political connections, we might discover that Samana Bay "commanded" or "frowned" upon something, and we should have to take it and let a contract.

An appropriation of money by Congress is to be asked for to prolong the existence of the Commission on International Exchange. The reasons for it ought to be found in the Commission's report of its recent labors in Europe. We there learn that our envoys gained the ready assent of the Powers to the proposition that it would be a wise thing for China to adopt a monetary system "based upon what is commonly called the gold-exchange standard." This phrase, being new to economic science, is defined in the report as "similar to the plan recently adopted by the Congress of the United States for the Philippines." If the plan referred to is carried out without mistake or peradventure, it is the gold standard pure and simple, since it provides that the Philippine Government shall redeem its silver pesos in gold on demand of the holder, at the rate of fifty cents gold for each peso. The approval of the European governments was easily gained for the extension of the gold standard to other silver-using countries on the same terms. So they bade our commissioners godspeed, who thereupon came home and reported that their work had been entirely successful. They were able to give China the joyful news that no Eu-

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ropean country would put any obstacle in the way of her adoption of the gold standard.

Now the question arises whether this missionary enterprise ought to be prosecuted any farther at public expense. Other American missionaries in China are supported by private contributions, and it would be difficult to assign a reason why Congress should make an appropriation for the C. I. E. and not for the A. B. C. F. M. The Commission on International Exchange sets forth at great length the difficulties of accomplishing the monetary reform contemplated for China. Yet it thinks that the plan would work well "provided proper business judgment be employed"—*i. e.*, by the Empress Dowager and her subordinates in Peking. No compensating advantages to the United States are pointed out as likely to arise from this missionary expedition, except a probable increase of trade resulting from a better monetary system in China. As this would be shared by other countries, it would seem fitting that they should share also in the expenses of the expedition. If asked to do so, they would perhaps reply that they have their own diplomatic channels of communication, which enable them to make any suitable representations to the Chinese Government in a more regular way and without extra cost. So have we, and why should not our embassy be used to that end if it be a desirable one?

If any other man than Mr. McCall had said what he is reported as declaring on Thursday in the House, he would have to pay a severe penalty. His independent course as a Republican in the past has given him a prescriptive right to say and do about what he pleases; but there is a limit to everything. Certainly, from a party point of view, it was most improper for him to stand up in Congress and state that the effect of the Cuban treaty would not be materially to reduce the price of sugar in this country, and that consequently the Cuban planter would get the benefit. That may be his opinion, and it may be a very sound one, too. But it is not the one with which the Sugar Trust has favored the people of this country in the past. It told us that a reduction in the duty on raw sugar (the differential on the refined being retained, of course) would cheapen the price of the finished product to domestic consumers. It was pretty hard for some of us to believe that the Trust was going to share the profit from the decreased duty with its customers, and now Mr. McCall rises up and tells us that it will cost us as much to sweeten our coffee as before. His view is, of course, the common sense one. The Cuban planter will benefit by reciprocity, and so will the Sugar Trust, as long as it retains the differential of which we have advocated the removal. The House did vote to remove it last year, and then the Sugar Trust lost interest in the treaty. Now it is getting its own again.

Mr. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, the Democratic leader in the House, in the able speech in which he closed the debate on the Cuban bill argued convincingly that the prosperity of this country is not due to the Republican tariff policy. He showed that the country would in the long run be prosperous, no matter what tariff policy was adopted, although, as he believed, the fewer the restrictions upon trade the greater would be the prosperity. He pointed out what were the causes that insured prosperity here, saying, among other things, that the United States "will continue to be prosperous because we are the one people on the globe, except some of our British cousins in the colonies, where there is absolutely no caste, where a man knows that although he is working to-day pegging shoes, he may the next year be Governor, or something of that sort. Men work with hope and with incentive, and will continue to do it." Can Mississippi, from which the eloquent gentleman comes, be as prosperous as it might otherwise be if 900,000 of its people, constituting nearly 60 per cent. of its population, cannot "work with hope" in the sense in which Mr. Williams uses the phrase, simply because they are colored?

Speaker Cannon has had the unhappy experience of seeming more strenuous than the President. In the conference on the Cuban reciprocity bill, Mr. Cannon roundly characterized the postponement of the Senate vote as unfair treatment of the President; and, in fact, no better reason has been alleged for deferring the bill except that the Senate wishes to "put the President in a hole," by showing that the extra session was superfluous. The President, however, realizing the possibilities of obstruction in the Senate, took his "rebuke" lying down and assented to the delay. His surrender is unfortunate, for his case was a good and a clear one. Had the Senate proved obdurate, it would have been clearly in the wrong, and it would have added to that accumulating unpopularity from which alone reform of its antiquated procedure will come. In this case delay by the Senate is a kind of perfidy. That issue should have been fairly made. Having ratified the Cuban treaty, the Senate was, though not legally, yet in honor, bound to pass the enabling act promptly and as a noncontentious measure. To pass the treaty and then boggle over the legislation necessary to make it effective, is a bit of child's play. The case shows plainly how little public considerations weigh against the personal prejudices and small manœuvring of the Upper House. Speaker Cannon deserves everybody's thanks for being more zealous than the President in the President's fight.

Fear that New York State will go Democratic in the next election is written on the countenance of every Republican politician. The victory of McClellan in Manhattan and Brooklyn, in spite of many Democratic votes against him, indicates that when the full party strength is enlisted, New York city may easily roll up a majority of 100,000 for a conservative Democratic candidate. To overcome such odds, the Republican leaders will have the struggle of their lives, for Odell carried the State for Governor by less than 9,000. These facts alone are enough to account for the eager buzzings in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the anxious look on every face in the Amen Corner. But, to add to the excitement, the relations between Platt and Odell are apparently more strained than ever. The Senator wants to retain his old sway over the organization; and the Governor has long since discovered that a man cannot retain his self-respect in office and at the same time do the bidding of Platt. The Governor, then, has cut out for him the task of holding Platt in check and keeping the State in line. Walking the tightrope is, in comparison, an easy amusement. The performance will be watched with sympathetic interest by political equilibrists all over the country. The Platt organs have been expressing their sincere compassion for Mr. Odell, and their fear that such a mere tyro will speedily be put out of the game. It is possible that this is the interpretation to be put on the conciliation meeting at the White House, from which both emerged with smiling faces for the reporters.

Prof. John Spencer Bassett of Trinity College is said to have tendered his resignation because of the criticisms evoked by his recent article in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, of which he is editor, entitled "Stirring up the Fires of Race Antipathy." From the Northern point of view it was a fair and forcible appeal for justice for the negro. From the Southern standpoint it was revolutionary, not only because it leaned towards race equality (that is, equality of opportunity), but also because Professor Bassett declared that Booker T. Washington was the greatest man the South has produced in a hundred years, with the exception of Robert E. Lee. This opinion has aroused a perfect storm of indignation and resentment, particularly in the sanctums of such rabid anti-negro newspapers as the Raleigh *News and Observer*. Ministers have threatened to withhold their sup-

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port from the college and parents to remove their sons. Hence Professor Bassett, doubtless out of consideration for the interests of Trinity College, has offered his resignation to the trustees. Two years ago, it will be remembered, the trustees of Emory College in Georgia turned away Mr. Andrew Sledd, their professor of English, for daring to express unconventional views (for a Southerner) upon the race problem, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This action was universally condemned throughout the college world and by the best representatives of the American press. But Southern Bourbonism learns nothing and forgets nothing.

Some time ago we called attention to the Ohio statute that makes any county in which a lynching occurs liable for damages to the estate of the victim. It was thought by some that there would be few actions under this law, not only because lynchings in Ohio are rare, but also because the victims are generally outcasts. But the "heirs, administrators, and assigns" of one Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched in Urbana in June, 1897, have just obtained a verdict of $5,000 against Champaign County, after a prolonged legal fight. Naturally, the taxpayers of the county are not all pleased by this judgment, and are paying for the misdeeds of the Urbana rioters with extremely wry faces. It is safe to say that they will look with very little leniency upon similar pleasures of the mob in the future. The *Illinois State Journal* thinks this Ohio idea a very good one, and hopes that it will widely spread. In view of the lynchings at Belleville and elsewhere in Illinois, that State ought to be one of the first to follow Ohio's lead. The *State Journal*, however, calls attention to the South's need of such legislation, with the flippant remark that "it would doubtless be opposed there on the ground that it would deprive the people of a source of innocent amusement."

Senator Hanna naturally had a sympathetic audience as he preached ship subsidy to the Marine Architects and Naval Engineers last Friday. His contribution to a well-worn theme was not strikingly original, but he dropped at least two hints of interest: first, the recent Ohio election was won largely on the ship-subsidy issue; second, any campaign of education for a subventioned auxiliary navy must "begin in the House." Senator Hanna went about during the campaign against Tom Johnson telling the farmers of Ohio that, should we be caught again in a war, without an auxiliary navy, their grain "would rot in their granaries." This was very literally talking rot to them. For the post-prandial hour, vague generalities about "the flag on every sea" and the "third line of defence" do very well. But if ever the campaign of education which Senator Hanna so ardently desires is to begin, it must be conducted on a basis of facts and figures. If the navy needs auxiliary ships and crews, let us have an estimate, not from a dealer in shipbuilding materials, but from a naval board. In that way we shall learn how many ships are wanted, and what it is worth to retain them. We may also hear some plain truth as to the relative value and expense of subsidized liners as compared with cruisers. Certainly, the recent revelations in consolidation of ocean lines and the financing of shipbuilding and iron-making plants are not calculated to win that measure of public enthusiasm which Senator Hanna predicts for a moribund project.

Senator Hanna continues to renounce his Presidential ambitions in the positive manner of the small boy who protested: "Mother told me I must not take a second piece of cake unless you urged me very hard." To an enthusiastic admirer in Fort Scott, Kan., Mr. Hanna writes that the result of the Ohio election is gratifying as a "personal vindication," but really it does not "justify the claims of my friends with reference to the suggestions of my nomination for the Presidency." He must therefore ask his friends not to place him in an "embarrassing position." The failure of these friends to consider his tender sensibilities is one of the marvels of recent politics. Only a fortnight or so ago, dispatches from Birmingham announced that quantities of Hanna boom "literature" were being received and distributed by the Lily White Republicans. Of course, Mr. Hanna declared that some Machiavellian enemy of his had been at work. We shudder to think of Mr. Hanna's wrath should a large number of Southern delegates come to the convention ready to do or die for him. He would be absolutely at the mercy of these devoted followers unless he could persuade President Roosevelt to toss them a few offices in order to still their clamor. Painful as such a step might be, Mr. Hanna has, we trust, the courage to face the emergency. In the meantime he might learn by heart the words which another man uttered when he was talked of for the Presidency. Gen. Sherman used no soft phrases about "embarrassment," but said flatly that he would not take the nomination if it were offered, and would not serve if he were elected.

The decline of 3,500,000 tons this year in the shipments of iron ore from the Lake Superior region will not create surprise. History has been made very fast in the iron and steel industry in the last month or two, and what was considered for practically the first three-quarters of 1903 as, on the whole, a desirable state of affairs, has suddenly taken on an opposite appearance. Down to a comparatively recent date the iron and steel brokers, and others to whom the public looks for authoritative views regarding the industry, represented conditions as in every way healthy. But when the Steel Trust dividend was cut early in October, and it was stated that the concern's orders were some 22 per cent. below those of a year previous, the fact could no longer be concealed that something more than a "moderate reaction" was in process. The real trend was known, of course, months before the public was let into the secret. Such facts as the great building strikes and the increasing difficulty of placing railroad loans were not lost on the iron and steel manufacturers. The fact that their deliveries on old contracts continued heavy, blinded the public pretty effectually, but not the trade. The point was not reached until recently, when the mills had so far caught up on their orders that, for want of new contracts, they were obliged to close down part of their plants. That is probably why even a larger decrease than 3,500,000 tons of ore has not been witnessed this year.

No very tangible results are likely to follow the exchange of cordialities between the Italian and the English Kings, but the bond between Italy and England is so real that it needs no expression in formal treaties. Italy is the only country in Europe where the English are not only tolerated, but liked. Their habit of villa residence has resulted in many friendships and intermarriages between the aristocracy of the two nations. Finally, England offered asylum to the refugees of the war of liberation, and gave counsel, encouragement, and the songs of her poets to that great uprising. An international understanding rarely has so solid a basis. Very naturally, then, the ceremonies and speeches, being matters of course, lack some of the enthusiasm and rhetoric that have characterized more flimsy demonstrations of international friendship. Looking to the future, the activity of King Victor Emmanuel in cultivating relations with France and England—and even his unlucky overtures to the Czar—show that Italy is gradually depending less on the Triple Alliance. So much may be gathered from an interview with the new Foreign Secretary. Commending, as in duty bound, the old alliance, he said that on the Balkan question Italy and England were in perfect accord. That means that Italy looks askance at the preponderancy of Russia and Austria in the Levant. But more important than such immediate possibilities is the public assertion of common interest between the two kingdoms. On occasion this sentiment could be converted into a treaty for joint action in the Mediterranean.

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PANAMA

THE APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

Colombia's appeal to the American people, issued on Saturday, is a document at once dignified and pathetic. It is the voice of a weak people asking considerate treatment by a nation of resistless power. Admitting that we have a giant's strength, Colombia implores us not to use it to her wrong and undoing. As if cherishing the belief that the events of the past few weeks have all been a hideous mistake, the rash and overbearing act of men for a little time in authority at Washington, the Colombians go straight to "the national conscience of the United States," in which there resides, as they fully recognize, a power more dread than army or navy, or the arrogance of temporary rulers.

Now, whatever success or failure may attend this appeal, it is a peculiarly awkward one for the Administration to deal with. Bluster or threats it could have smiled at—would have welcomed eagerly: virtuous indignation is easily aroused against those whom we have wronged. A war to prevent Colombia from recovering property which we had filched from her, might even have been popular. But for a moral and Christian Government to be approached with reasonings about right and justice; for an Administration which has loftily lectured Russia on the necessity of keeping faith, and has stood aghast at England's oppression of the weak, to have its own doctrines turned upon it with a *de te fabula*—that is the particularly hard thing for a churchgoing President to have to face. What shall it profit him to gain a canal and lose his self-respect?

Mr. Roosevelt ought not to be the man to be deluded or satisfied by the applause of the unthinking. Any President striking an heroic pose in the presence of a foreign nation can evoke the shouts of the vulgar. Mr. Cleveland did it in 1895. From being the best hated and most isolated President in Washington, he passed in an hour to floods of praise and congratulation—all because he had appealed to the baser instincts of the people. So to-day President Roosevelt is winning the approval of every dear old lady who says that we "ought to have taken the canal long ago"; of every muddle-headed man who argues, "Well, you see, under the Monroe Doctrine, we can't let those revolutions go on," or who reasons, "Under the treaty, you know, we just had to recognize Panama the moment she said she was independent." And, of course, every American who believes in bullying, or loves a row, or thinks that his country is never great unless cheating somebody, or has the mere "loveless lust of territory," is hurrahing for a President who was "too quick on the trigger for the d—d Dagoes." But what can all this mean to an educated man in the White House, who knows the difference between the groundlings of the purchased press and the judicious of—let us say—his own Harvard?

Some good people, still believing in the sanctions of the moral law, and mindful of what the prophets and poets have said of the sure punishment of national injustice, are looking about as for some supernatural intervention to prevent the completion of our outrage of a weak and friendly nation. They even say that a just God cannot permit the fruition of such a wrong. But history laughs—or weeps—that down. Not directly or immediately is the penalty for national aggression visited upon the aggressor. It comes in subtle ways, delayed often, but none the less sure. In our own case, it is probable, one form of punishment will be a deterioration in the Presidency. This may not come in Roosevelt's day. But his example will live and work mischief after him. Some weak and little scrupulous man, carried into the White House by political accident, may hereafter find himself in great difficulties at home, and, thinking of Roosevelt's success in firing the crowd by reckless conduct in foreign relations, may seek to imitate him, and plunge the nation into untold miseries. This is an aspect of the Presidential office often overlooked. Each President is bound to strive to maintain its traditions. Its reputation for deliberate and lawful action; its constant eye to the country's dignity, and not the passion of the hour; its willingness to err, if at all, on the side of justice rather than on that of oppression—all this is as an accumulated treasure which every President is under obligation to guard and swell. But Mr. Roosevelt, in the Panama proceeding, has done his best to squander it.

Whatever may be done with Colombia's moral arguments, two points in her legal statement demand the immediate attention of the Administration and of Congress. One is that she stands ready to "concede through pacific and equitable ways" all that the United States is attempting to obtain by force. That is to say, all the shrill outcry about the "robber politicians" of Colombia, and the rejected canal treaty being an end of friendship, falls to the ground. Colombia will give us a satisfactory treaty if we ask for it in the usual way. Furthermore, says the Colombian Foreign Minister, the first threats came from our side. Colombia, he states, was notified by the United States that, if the treaty were not ratified without change, we should "take painful measures." Where is that dispatch of Secretary Hay's? Who authorized him to assume such a minatory attitude? Why was not this critical dispatch sent to Congress, in answer to its request for the correspondence? These questions require instant answer by the State Department. Failing it, Congress should again make itself heard in a matter so nearly affecting the national honor.

THE ISTHMUS HOLDING COMPANY, LIMITED.

In seeking an apology for the recent Isthmian negotiations, we have found it in their striking similarity to certain established methods of finance. It has come to be axiomatic, for example, that when several warring companies cannot control each its own affairs, they may collectively be controlled and recognized by simply putting them all in the hands of a holding company. The operations of such holding company, naturally, must be underwritten by some responsible party. But, curiously enough, these holding companies have only a qualified existence. It has been questioned even whether they are entities in a strict legal sense. No one denies, however, that they exist so far as holding the disputed interests is concerned and for all purposes of voting the stock—a service usually rendered by self-appointed "voting directors."

The greatest of all these holding companies is beyond question the new Republic of Panama. Recall the circumstances of its organization. The conflicting interests were the national rights of Colombia, the French Panama franchise, the claims of the United States, and the unfinished canal itself—all hopelessly disjoined. The need of a holding company for these unmanageable concerns was urgent, and the Republic of Panama emerged. Holding the canal already, it assumed the rights of Colombia, and asked France and the United States to surrender their stock in exchange for certificates of benevolent intentions. To whom redounds the credit for transferring this familiar financial device to the sphere of world politics it would be premature to say. Clearly, Colombia had nothing to do with it; the scheme transcends the intelligence of the Panama consulate. Let history distribute the glory between the French Panama Company and our own State Department.

Whoever did it was quite as much an inventor as an adapter, for the Panama Holding Company differed from the financial sort in being absolutely self-constituted. There was no tedious demand for the deposit of stock or other authorization—or, if such there were, the thing was done covertly and without delay. A consolidation that requires neither persuasion nor the consent of the consolidated may well make Mr. Morgan look to his laurels. A further advantage lay in the Panama consolidation: whereas financial holding companies are made big and powerful so that they may be beyond the possibility of dangerous attack, the Panama Trust was made so small that its underwriter could hold it in the hollow of his hand.

If the French Company may have seemed to deserve credit so far, there is no slightest doubt that any further thanks are due to the swift executive ac-

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tion of President Roosevelt. That transfer of a great steel plant to a bankrupt shipbuilding concern which was consummated between cocktails was not underwritten with greater celerity and certainty. The historic moment at which the infant republic found itself irrevocably underwritten by the United States may be pictured to the imagination as follows:

President Roosevelt, having happily learned in some mysterious way that the promoters of the holding company were lurking in the back alleys of Panama, telegraphs to Consul Ehrmann:

"Is there by any chance a holding company with you? If so, tell them they are underwritten by us."

From Consul Ehrmann ticks back the response:

"Not yet. You have forgotten the difference of time. The holding company will organize in two hours. Will underwrite it."

For two hours the instrument was silent, and then the dispatch flew from Panama: "There now happens to be a holding company"; and from Washington the emphatic reply: "Underwrite it immediately." So a new chapter of history opened.

At this point the fine Italian hand of Secretary Hay intervenes, applying the principle of limited responsibility to the newest planet to appear in the international heavens. Holding companies have hitherto voted through their trustees. That complicates matters even for the banking houses which have chosen the trustees. How much more available, thought Secretary Hay, a company which should merely hold, while we, the underwriters, do the voting! That principle—"vote first, then discuss"—was established, it will be recalled, at the stockholders' meeting of a local traction company. The astute combination of the two principles in a case in statecraft is Mr. Hay's most original contribution to international polity. Malicious critics may be inclined to cite the case of the dummy directors of the Shipbuilding Trust, but the analogy is superficial. The dummy directors held nothing whatever, but they did vote. The Isthmus Holding Company, Limited, has actually held the canal for a matter of a fortnight, but it will not be allowed to vote at all; unless, indeed, Minister Varilla's compliance in the presence of Secretary Hay's stern eye and a new pen may be interpreted as the casting of a single ballot in behalf of the Panama Republic.

We present this remarkable instance of the combination of all the approved Wall Street methods not by way of defence. The affair needs none. From passers of the "flimsy" to Trust organizers there is only one voice. "It is the slickest yet," is the universal comment. But we do wish to impress upon those who have organized previous holding companies a sense of their paltering and half-hearted methods. When Wall Street sees a holding company that does not require the assent of those whose property it takes in charge, and that cannot vote, then indeed it may proclaim the promised time when musty old precedents shall have been relegated to the junk heap. It will pay the Trusts to study President Roosevelt's recent flotation. When they kiss the hand that smote them, they will be recognizing not only their master, but their most resourceful exemplar.

FROM GROTIUS TO GROSVENOR.

Who can maintain that Grotius contributed more to the science of international law than our own Professor Grosvenor? The great Dutchman had an enormous command of facts, and certain dregs of conscience; but he represents an exploded theory. He made the mistake of confounding law and justice. He lived long before the days of that American community which, after profound meditation on the proper inscription to be placed over the portal of a new court house, decided on *lex* instead of *justitia*. Moreover, Grotius, with all his vast learning, was weak linguistically. It is fine to write elegant Latin, but far better to use the vernacular with subtlety. That is where our Amherst professor stands head and shoulders above Grotius. He knows how to fit the euphemistic word to the ugly act. Nearly three centuries have elapsed since Grotius wrote 'De Jure Belli et Pacis,' but Professor Grosvenor is quite right in saying, on his own principles, that "international law is still in its infancy."

The capstone will be put on the science of international law when means have been discovered for a "court of last resort." Then the ideal of the great statesmen—"the comity of nations"—will be attained. Heretofore, that end has seemed, like the Golden Rule, a dream. It has been in the domain of international politics what "competition" was in the economic field until our captains of industry and our barons of finance took the matter in hand. This is a revolutionary age, and nothing so much attests the greatness of Professor Grosvenor as the fact that he has kept abreast of it. Amherst surpasses Leyden at one definition—"the right of eminent domain among States." There you have the easy solution of the greatest problem that has vexed the minds of publicists since Aristotle. The "court of last resort" has finally become a possibility.

It took a powerful mind to think out the doctrine that competition could be eliminated by "capitalizing the future." But it was an even higher wisdom which discerned that the true "comity of nations" can be attained if every nation will constitute itself a court of last resort. To be sure, in the first instance the discovery really meant overcapitalization, just as in the second it truly means the arbitrament of arms. But that is where the euphemism comes in. In the case of our capitalizing the future, it made possible and dignified the distribution of some hundreds of millions of worthless securities among innocent and deluded investors. In the case of "the right of eminent domain among States," it makes the worse appear the better part in a flagrant and vulgar act of international bullying. Of course, it is not to be expected that the new law of "eminent domain" among States should be perfectly applied at the start. It takes time to reduce great discoveries to practice. But all that will come. The great thing is to maintain the unities. There should be no announcement of revolutions two hours before they actually occur; but a mere inadvertence of that sort cannot vitiate a great law. As well might you belittle the science of gunnery because your young artilleryman fails to make sufficient allowance for "windage," as to cast ridicule on "eminent domain" because our State Department forgot there is such a thing as longitude.

The virtue of a principle lies in its application; and it is safe to say that no principle admits of wider and more successful application than this new one. The universality of Gresham's law is bound to seem a very limited affair beside the universality of Grosvenor's law. Every foreign office will welcome its discovery, because of its labor-saving quality. From Xerxes's invasion of Greece to Roberts's invasion of the Transvaal, the rulers of mankind have racked their brains to frame pretexts for aggression. No more will this be necessary. Henceforth they will only have to plead "the right of eminent domain." What would not Louis XIV. have given for that term when he was striving to determine "the natural frontier" of France? Even Dr. Jameson could be rehabilitated if it could be proved beyond peradventure that he was consciously invading the Transvaal in behalf of the right of eminent domain.

And only think of the future when "Destiny" and "Eminent Domain" shall go hand in hand. One need not attend a school of the prophets to foresee what will happen. Some day the "interests of mankind" will demand the absorption of Holland by Germany. Can Holland object, any more than a man whose land has been condemned in the interest of a railroad corporation? What a tremendous use Russia can make of Professor Grosvenor's law! She is more in the clutch of "Destiny" than any nation on earth. Not only does she kill off her Jewish subjects in accordance with this great law, but she comes pretty near to treading on our own toes in Mantchuria. Think, too, what rights under "eminent domain" she is entitled to

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in China proper. Shall that country of wonderful natural resources be allowed to withhold them much longer from the use of suffering mankind? Not if Amherst College can prevent it. Professor Grosvenor has provided the true salve for the lacerated feelings of Finn and Macedonian. But why multiply instances? There are gods many and lords many, but we have added one more to our Pantheon—the god Nomenclature. Great is Nomenclature, and Grosvenor is its prophet.

CHATTER ABOUT FOREIGN TRADE.

Secretary Shaw was as delightful as ever in his speech about foreign trade, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last week. No man excels him in taking for granted premises which are in dispute, and reasoning from them with brilliant inconsequence. It was said of Burke that he discussed national finance and trade with the zeal of a man talking all the while about his private affairs. Mr. Shaw brings to the men actually engaged in the great commerce advice as of a small banker in Iowa, announcing his firm belief that there is such a thing as foreign trade (since he has just discovered it), and asserting that we ought to have all there is going, but displaying no real conception of what exchange of goods with other nations really is, or how it is brought about. It was as if to characterize such talk as the Secretary's, leading nowhere, that Mr. J. J. Hill said on the same day, with expert authority: "We are not in the ocean trade, and we won't [shan't] be in that trade until we get people who realize what it means."

One good instance of Mr. Shaw's *insouciant* mixing up of things was his Jingo declaration that the Government was not going to "waste time in carrying out this canal project," coupled immediately with his statement: "We must have the trade with the countries to the south of us." Now, what has been the first and inevitable trade effect of our high-handed course on the Isthmus? Undoubtedly, to give us a considerable setback. Only week before last an ardent patriot was discoursing to a business man on the glorious Yankee smartness with which the Government had got the better of Colombia. "Well," said the other ruefully, "all I know is that it has killed my business." He was in the Colombian trade, and all orders had, of course, been cancelled. Nor is this by itself any joke to a country imperatively requiring, as Secretary Shaw says, an "outlet for our trade." Colombia has been, for example, our best customer in all South America in the matter of cotton manufactures. For the nine months ending in September, she took of us 15,376,677 yards—twice as much as Brazil, seven times as much, we may add, as the Philippines. It is, surely, a fine stroke of business to cut off a market like that, with the cotton manufacture depressed as it is to-day!

One might not think, from the all too fresh mind which Secretary Shaw brings to the problem of South American trade, that a great body of official and economic evidence on that subject had been laboriously gathered. Our consuls have for many years been dinning into the ears of the exporters of the United States the homely truths to which heed must be given if trade is to be won in South America. They have shown how, first of all, England and France and Germany held the advantage of position. First to cultivate the field, their representatives on excellent terms personally and socially with the South Americans, to whom the agents of the United States have been notoriously antipathetic; carefully studying the needs of the market and studiously catering to them—in other words, applying intelligence and persistency to the business—these countries had far outstripped the United States. Our protection policy not only had made us home-keeping, but had given us homely wits. The Consular Reports have been filled with the ineptitude, the stupidity, the casual and easily relaxed efforts of our exporters to get a foothold in South America. They had talked heroically and resolved enthusiastically about South American trade, but had gone about getting it in a dunderhead fashion. Naturally they had got but a little.

It is a fact, however—though one of the facts which does not swim into the ken of Secretary Shaw—that we have been steadily improving our position in recent years. Our merchants have been more enterprising. Our shippers have been more alert. Great manufacturing concerns have been more intelligently and continuously cultivating the South American market. The result has been a gain which, while not startling, is satisfactory, and shows what might be done by extension of the same methods. Thus, our exports to all South America, which in 1893 were $32,000,000, had increased by 1902 to $38,000,000. During the same period, imports from those countries to the United States had grown from $102,000,000 to $119,000,000. But this trade of over $150,000,000 a year does not seem to Secretary Shaw to be "respectable." What he really wants is the whole South American trade. He would not let Europe have a penny of it. "All for us," is his motto; and as long as ordinary business methods do not give us more than our present "paltry" share, he cries aloud for subsidies and more fighting vessels and more quarrels and interferences. But while he is thus talking about trade, business men have been quietly getting it.

Needless to say, Secretary Shaw's dreams are all of exports. Imports are, to so stout a "stand-patter" as he, very like the unclean thing. Yet if he would but lift up his eyes and look at the actual phenomena of foreign trade as it is carried on by the nations that make a serious business of it, he would see that give and take is its one great rule. In the case of Cuba, we are slowly recognizing this elementary truth. If we will not buy of her, she will not buy of us. But Argentina has been for years knocking at our doors for a similar reciprocity treaty. It was negotiated, in fact, and urged upon the Senate by President McKinley, only to go to the tomb of the Capulets. Until we are ready to do the obvious thing of making laws to remove the artificial fetters upon our South American trade, let us hear no more about subsidies and battleships to make the South Americans trade with us willy-nilly. Mr. Shaw would, of course, call all this mere "theory." But, the facts being what they are, we may say of that epithet, as Bentham said of the word "speculative" as applied to him, that it is a term "in use among official persons for the condemnation of whatsoever proposition is too adverse to private interests not to be hated, and at the same time too manifestly true to be denied."

EDITIONS DE LUXE.

A curious side current of the recent speculative debauch leads into the usually placid field of book publishing. Widely puffed *éditions de luxe* of no intrinsic merit have, by some gratifying law of compensation, been foisted on the gentlemen who were assiduously creating factitious stock-market values. At a recent sale in Philadelphia many thousands of dollars' worth of these books were knocked down at about 15 cents on the dollar—an instructive parallel to certain phenomena of forced liquidation in Wall Street. A Scott and a Dumas, for example, that had cost $100 a volume, sold for $10. The decline in prices was out of all proportion to the present, or the possible, fall in what one may call intrinsic book values. The wonder in both cases is not that certain classes of books and stocks are now so cheap, but that they were ever so high, for in both cases the prices were the product at best of manipulation, at worst of fraudulent representations.

And here comes in a curious principle of inversion. Stocks were unloaded readily because there were so many of them; *éditions de luxe* were floated because there were so few examples of each. Apparent rarity was the lure. It was tried in all the forms: say, five hundred of the regular edition, beside fifty on "large paper" and ten on Japanese vellum. Duplicate illustrations and the insertion of "hand-painted" water colors still further diversified the bait and confused the mind of the unwary purchaser. In most cases these

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limited sets were of the slightest intrinsic merit—their contents a mere reprint of some standard work; manufacture showy rather than good, illustrations expensive rather than artistic, editorial features either absent or perfunctory. The appeal was frankly to those whose principle in assembling a library or a collection is "hang the expense." An edition of Dickens at $125,000 the set is the highwater mark of the movement. The challenge to virtually illiterate wealth could hardly be more flagrant.

The success with which many of these issues met was due to the snobbery of the expensive. The buyers actually thought they were getting the best simply because they paid three or four times the price of the standard editions. The delusion lay in the fond belief that any inherently worthless thing acquires value when found in only a few examples. Most of the pretentious reprints were not worth even the cost of manufacture, for editions superior in every way were on the market already. Thus the ready sale of the most expensive edition was a bit of jobbery between publishers and booksellers, on the strength of the buyer's ignorance or extravagance. It was bringing into the book trade the criterion of the newest and dearest thing. Most of these "sumptuous" editions were simply "gent's furnishings" for a library.

As always, there are exceptions to this rule. When a book is to be a masterpiece of the printer's art, there are good reasons for issuing it in a limited number; only a few hundred perfect impressions can be made from type, while the market for a fine piece of printing is necessarily restricted to a small class of connoisseurs. Nobody will quarrel with the Boston publishers who are offering a superb folio Montaigne in this fashion; nor yet with the New York house which gives to a new and original edition of Shakspere a distinctive typographical form, and limits the issue. But in such cases the value lies in every copy, and not in the extraneous fact that the editions are small. For beautiful printing one pays properly, whether it be Jenson's or William Morris's or Mr. De Vinne's, or Mr. Updike's. And the laborious editor, too, is worthy of his hire.

So far we have assumed that the application of the *de luxe* idea is conducted in good faith, that the purchaser at least gets the money's worth he has bargained for. A little inspection of the "cut-rate" book stores will prove that nothing is farther from the fact. Frequently the whole enterprise is fraudulent. The same plates often serve for a dozen "strictly limited issues," each one solemnly offering its small paper, large paper, Japanese vellum, etc. By changing the title-page, thus evading the law, and cheapening the illustrations, your five-dollar-a-volume treasure will turn up as a 37 cents a volume bargain—but still *de luxe*, and "strictly limited to one thousand copies." Furthermore, the levant morocco advertised in such cases will hardly bear inspection, while the audacity of a publisher who promises special binding by a famous French binder, dead a half century, needs no comment.

Bibliophiles and readers certainly have no reason to regret the depression in this industry. The victims of that peculiar form of inflation usually belonged to neither class. Bibliophiles know how to weigh the respective merits of, say, the Scott that his publishers put forth in the miniature form that the author loved, and with the Turner vignettes he admired; and the latest Waverly novels with special illustrations and an extra water-color. In short, unless a book has intrinsic value in printing or illustration, or sentimental value through some personal association, the bibliophile will none of it. Since the peculiar form of vanity to which these flimsy rarities appeal seem ineradicable, we propose that all whom it concerns should form a De Luxe Protective Association, Limited. Such a body could at least hold speculative publishers to their contracts, and could ensure that extra water-colors and the like were really "hand-painted."

PALERMO.

PALERMO, October, 1903.

Palermo is one of the most ancient cities in Europe, and has always been a place of political importance. It was a colony from Phœnicia, older than any of the Greek cities of Sicily, and may have been planted as far back as the days of Hiram, the Tyrian ally of King Solomon, long before the date to which tradition assigns the founding of Rome. Nor can any one who sees it wonder at its fortunes. It stands in the curve of a magnificent semicircular bay, guarded at both ends by bold and lofty mountains, with a plain behind it of unsurpassed fertility, enclosed by a ring of mountains whence streams available for irrigation descend. This plain—commonly called the Golden Shell—with the deep green of its orange and lemon groves, with vines and gray olives on the lower slopes of the hills behind, the white mass of the city in the centre, and the brilliant blue of the bay framed by the majestic capes which enclose it on either side, makes a landscape such as few great cities can show. Constantinople, Carthage, Lisbon, San Francisco, Mexico, Naples itself, are none of them set in a more beautiful nature. Needless to say that it was not natural beauty that led the early Phœnicians to fix themselves here. What attracted them was a small, well-sheltered harbor, branching into two arms, where their little vessels could ride in safety. Round its shores, and especially on the tongue between the arms, they built their houses and strengthened the settlement by walls, all traces of which have long since vanished. Of the ancient harbor only one arm now remains, the inlet which the people call the Cala or Old Port, now used by fishing-boats and small coasting-craft, while the steamers and large vessels line under the new mole nearly a mile away. Successive buildings and successive destructions during twenty-five centuries or more have changed the line of the shore; the upper end of the old haven has been filled up, and a Spanish fort occupies part of what was the northwestern arm. But the importance of the harbor and the fertility of the plain behind had, long before vessels grew so much bigger that the old haven was useless for them, fully established Palermo as the capital of the island, superior not only to decayed Syracuse, but also to Messina and Catania, cities of great consequence in the Middle Ages, and both of them now again prosperous as busy centres of commerce.

Originally a practically autonomous colony of Sidon or Tyre, perhaps as old as Carthage herself, Palermo presently became dependent on Carthage, and was held by her great African sister until the Romans captured her in the course of the First Punic War. She was never Greek, though Pyrrhus once seized her, and though her name—Panormos, the All-Haven—is Greek, and perhaps translates the lost Phœnician name. She was a great town and a great stronghold under the Romans, and afterwards under the Arabian emirs of the ninth and tenth centuries. But her architectural interest begins with the Norman kings of Sicily, who loved to dwell here, and who transmitted their attachment to their descendant, the Emperor Frederick the Second (of the great Hohenstaufen line). That wonderful ruler spent here, in a palace whose scanty remains lie about two miles to the southeast of the city, most of the time he could spare from progresses through Italy and Germany, and directed from hence his unending contest with the Papacy. When the crown of Sicily had been grasped by Charles of Anjou, it was here that the insurrection of the Sicilian Vespers shook off French domination, and it was here that the Aragonese kings and long afterwards the viceroys of the kings of Spain held their court.

In large and flourishing cities, continuously inhabited through a long succession of centuries, the architectural records of earlier ages usually become obliterated by the reconstructions of later times. So it has been in Palermo. There are no traces of Carthaginian work, and very few of Roman work. Even from the Arab period only two or three buildings, one of them a mosque turned into a (now deserted) church, and none of them of artistic importance, still survive. The architectural history of the city practically begins with the days of the Norman kings, from which several noble churches remain. One of these, the Cathedral, in which Frederick the Second, his wife Constantia, and his father the Emperor Henry the Sixth, are buried, has been so wofully modernized within that one can form little idea of its original aspect; but the exterior, though deformed by an eighteenth-century cupola, is extremely rich and picturesque. The other three are specially remarkable for their mosaics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, apparently executed by artists brought from Constantinople, for they have a thoroughly Byzantine character, and the inscriptions on them are mostly in Greek. Those in the exquisite little chapel of the Norman palace-castle, the most beautiful

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palace-chapel in the world, and those of the vast and splendid cathedral of Monreale, on a hill four miles from the city, are (together with the contemporaneous mosaics of Cefalù, forty miles to the eastward on the north coast of the island) the finest examples of mosaic work to be found anywhere. They are superior in grace and finish even to the mosaics of Ravenna and to those that have survived the hands of modern restorers in the ancient churches of Rome and St. Mark's at Venice. Many are nobly conceived; some show a kind of vigorous realism which one scarcely expects in Byzantine art. It need hardly be said that it is only in Sicily, and in a very few cities of Italy (chiefly in those which I have named), and, of course, also in Constantinople and in Salonika, that specimens may be studied of this art, practically the only form of pictorial art which remains to us from the centuries that lie between the destruction of Pompeii and the days of Cimabue and Giotto.

In these Palermitan churches, and in others belonging to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, one discovers a very curious and unique blending of Byzantino-Romanesque and Gothic with Arabian elements. The result is an Arabo-Gothic style which, though something like it may be found in Southern Spain and Portugal, is really a style peculiar to Sicily, and marked by a charm of its own. The pointed arches have that kind of form which we associate with Moorish work, such as one finds it in the courts of the Alhambra. The Arab pendentive decoration often occurs. The columns of granite or marble have Norman strength; the capitals are exquisitely carved. Sicily is, in fact, a meeting-point of Oriental, Italian, and Northern influences; and out of these varied elements there has grown what one cannot call a Sicilian style, because it is not an expression of native Sicilian genius, but is really a sort of resultant of various foreign forces and methods, meeting in this point of contact, which was only a point of contact, and not an independent centre of creation. As the interest of early Sicilian history lies in the strife of Phœnician, Hellenic, and Roman elements, so the interest of the mediæval architecture of the island lies in the blending of Christian and Mussulman styles and influences. Though there are no buildings of conspicuous merit later than the thirteenth century, such pieces of work belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as the stupid passion for restoration has allowed to survive, show a touch of Arab character in the form of the arch of door and window. No great church, no great palace, remains from these centuries, but there are in many churches little bits, fine in their design, sometimes, also, of delicate execution. Neither are the palaces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to be despised. Some which may be seen in the old parts of the city, now abandoned to the poor, are dignified in proportions and rich in ornament. Spanish influence is sometimes discernible; but when one remembers how long the connection with Spain lasted, one is surprised that this influence was not stronger, especially as there was no vigorous national feeling to resist it. For Sicily has always been receptive. Neither in architecture nor in painting nor in sculpture—nor, indeed, since ancient Greek days, in literature—has her people shown any marked originality.

In its external aspect, Palermo is among the most picturesque of South European cities. It has not, of course, the charm of Venice or Florence. None of its buildings, except the cathedral at Monreale, is comparable to several which those cities can show. Even Siena or Perugia has preserved more mediæval dignity and variety. The new or northern half of the town is handsome enough, because the straight streets are well built and some have trees planted along them, but it is entirely flat and tame. The lower part, which lies along the sea, is very dirty, and not very old or peculiar in its type. But the southern half of the town, great part of which belongs to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while many houses must be of a date still more remote, is full of variety and beauty. The streets are mostly narrow and often winding, seldom crossing one another at a right angle. But where there is a long straight street—and a few such have been cut during the last two or three hundred years—its end is closed either by the gray crags of a mountain or by the sparkling blue of the sea, and the joy of this lucent nature without is brought into the town. There are few big squares, but a great many little piazzas or irregular open spaces (*largo*). Trees stand here and there in the streets; oranges rise above the garden walls; projecting houses break the line of the narrow street; there is endless diversity of form and color. Water is not plentiful, but the streets are kept fairly clean, and there is a movement of people and vehicles, not a few well-appointed private carriages, which gives animation, and makes the place feel itself after all a capital—quite as much a local capital as any Italian city other than Rome.

So one may say of Palermo that it is bright, interesting, cheerful, a place where even the extreme poverty of the meaner quarters and the profusion of deserted and dismally blank churches and convents (a phenomenon even more noticeable in the smaller cities of Sicily) do not depress the visitor. It has not, however, that strong individuality which a city derives from the association either of its natural features or of its buildings with great events and dramatic scenes, or from the expression of the historical life of the people through a striking and distinctive architecture. Augsburg and Nürnberg, Edinburgh and Stockholm, Prague and Moscow, not to speak of the cities of middle and northern Italy, have in a sense more character than Palermo has, though they are less beautiful. Palermo, as a community of men, has no history which could express itself through its buildings. Its annals are, with the sole exception of the popular rising of the Sicilian Vespers, a record of captures by successive foreign Powers. Even in the uprising of Italy against the tyrants of sixty years ago, Messina has a more striking record. What gives to Palermo its unfailing and enduring charm is the exquisite beauty of its situation, coupled with the countless memories wherewith the neighborhood is rich. On the hill of Herkte (now Monte San Pellegrino) Hamilcar fixed himself in his long effort to drive the Roman garrison out of Palermo. On that mountain top the Arabs defended themselves, in a fort whose ruins still remain, against the attacks of the Normans; and, on the slope of Monreale beneath, William the Good watched his Byzantine artists labor at the decoration of his majestic church. In yonder grove stood the palace where Frederick the Second planned his laws, and whence he issued those denunciations of the Popes which led to the extinction of his race. Outside that gate, at the tolling of a bell from that gray tower, began the slaughter of the Vespers.

MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

PARIS, November 4, 1903.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau has made the name of Madame d'Houdetot immortal. We know everything about her at the time of her youth and before the Revolution, but little of her latter days. She retired during the troubled times of the Revolution to her country house at Sannois. Many of her friends became victims of the Terror; she no longer maintained her once famous salon, where she entertained so many illustrious men. She was, at the time of the Consulate, more than seventy years old, and her faithful friend, the Marquis de Saint-Lambert, author of the 'Saisons' (a poem which had its day of celebrity and would now be well forgotten but for its illustrations, which are valued by collectors of eighteenth-century engravings), was more than eighty years old.

So much interest is felt in Madame d'Houdetot that M. Gilbert Stenger has taken the pains to reconstruct the incidents of her old age. She still had friends who gave her all the news of the capital. Politics were seldom discussed at Sannois, as was but natural after the terrible events which made many political incidents appear insignificant. "Her old age could not," says M. Stenger, "conform to the habits of the new century, where people were all anxious for glory and wealth, where time was wanting for the reposefulness of a dreamy life without an object. Her years separated her from the noisy men who were the companions of Bonaparte." She remained, however, an object of interest to many who knew that she had inspired Rousseau with the greatest passion of his life; and Rousseau was still a sort of demigod for the generations at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

We have a description of her at the time by M. de Norvins, the historian. He was a very young man when he met her at Madame de la Briche's; and, as La Fontaine says, "Cet âge est sans pitié." Norvins relates:

"She was born plain, of a repulsive plainness, with a cast in her eyes. She was so deformed that the autumn of old age seemed in her almost decrepitude. She saw nothing. The sound of her voice was harsh and tremulous. Her waist, more than indefinable, was surmounted by thin shoulders. Her hair was quite gray. Madame d'Houdetot was a real ruin which sustained another ruin [Saint-Lambert]."

Norvins, after this cruel portrait, adds, however, that you soon forgot her incomparable ugliness, for her mind, her feelings, her sociability, had lost nothing of the activity, the power, the charm, which had so justly distinguished her. Nothing was more unforeseen, more delicate, more piquant than her conversation.

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Madame de Rémusat, who left such valuable Memoirs, tells us that her mother, Madame de Vergennes, often took her to visit Madame d'Houdetot.

"It is impossible," she says, "to carry further than did Madame d'Houdetot, I will not say goodness, but kindness. Goodness requires a certain discernment of evil; it sees and forgives it. Madame d'Houdetot never observed it in anybody. We saw her actually suffer when the smallest blame was expressed before her, and on such occasions she imposed silence in a manner which was not disobliging, but which simply manifested the pain that she felt."

Chateaubriand met Madame d'Houdetot several times. Without being as bitter as Monsieur de Norvins, he speaks with disapprobation of the liaisons so common in the eighteenth century, and of which Madame d'Houdetot was a living example, as she had under her roof at the same time her husband and Saint-Lambert. He speaks severely (more severely than he had a right to do himself) of liaisons which persist, he says, only "par respect humain," and he doubts not that the wife, the husband, and the lover end by hating each other cordially, "with all the bad humor of age."

Wherever she went, Madame d'Houdetot was always for many years accompanied by Saint-Lambert. She wrote little verses on "Old Age," in which her feelings are plainly described:

"Oh! le bon temps que la vieillesse!
Ce qui fut plaisir est tristesse,
Ce qui fut rond devient pointu;
L'esprit même est cogne-fétu.
On entend mal, on n'y voit guère;
On a cent moyens de déplaire.
Ce qui charma, nous semble laid;
On voit le monde tel qu'il est.
Qui vous cherchait vous abandonne;
On se plaint d'avoir trop vécu.
Le bon sens, la froide vertu
Chez vous n'attirent plus personne,
Mais, dans ma retraite profonde,
Qu'un seul ami me reste au monde,
Je croirai n'avoir rien perdu."

The two last verses are really pretty, and well explain the sort of charm which people felt in the society of a person who had such a notion of friendship. In the amusing memoirs which Marmontel wrote for his children, he says:

"You have heard your mother and her family speak a thousand times of the pleasure we found in the society of M. de Saint-Lambert and of his friend the Countess d'Houdetot, and the charm there was in a society where wit, taste, love of letters, all the most essential and desirable qualities of the heart, drew us, attached us to the sage of Eaubonne [Saint-Lambert] or to the agreeable retreat of the Sévigné of Sannois [the Countess d'Houdetot]. Never did two minds and two souls form a more perfect concert of feeling and thought; and they essentially resembled each other in their amiable way of receiving their friends; their politeness was at the same time free, easy, and attentive—the politeness that comes from the heart and is truly felt only by the heart."

It might have been said of Saint-Lambert at the time we speak of, "Quantum mutatus ab illo!" Who would have recognized in him the brilliant cavalier who arrived in Paris with the reputation of a Don Juan, under the patronage of the Beauveau and the Boufflers, the happy rival of Voltaire, the friend of Madame du Châtelet? He took a house at Eaubonne, a very short distance from Sannois, and often entertained his friends there. His talent as a poet was very ordinary; it was suited to the frivolous taste of the end of the eighteenth century. Gilbert, a more serious poet, wrote of him:

"Saint-Lambert, noble auteur, dont la muse pédante
Fait des vers fort vantés par Voltaire qu'il vante,
Qui, du nom de poëmes, ornant de plats sermons
En quatre points mortels, a rimé les Saisons."

Madame du Deffand wrote to her friend Walpole: "This Saint-Lambert is a cold, stale, and false wit. He thinks himself overflowing with ideas, but is sterility itself; and, '*sans les roseaux, les ruisseaux, les ormeaux, et les rameaux*,' he would have very little to say."

What shall we say of the Count d'Houdetot? He lived for many years with a mistress, but at the worst moment of the Terror he found an asylum near his wife, at Sannois. The Count soon became the second *garde-malade* of Saint-Lambert, to whom he became much attached. He realized the type which has been personified in an amusing little vaudeville of our times as "le plus heureux des trois." The old Count was, after so many years of separation, very attentive to his wife, and he once said: "Madame d'Houdetot and myself had both of us the vocation of fidelity; only there was a misunderstanding between us."

M. Gilbert Stenger shows us, after the salon of Madame d'Houdetot, that of Madame de la Briche, her sister-in-law, and that of Madame d'Épinay, the friend of the Philosophers, who received Jean-Jacques Rousseau into her house. The society of these three ladies was the same. Madame de la Briche had among her friends D'Holbach, Helvétius, Grimm, Diderot; after the Revolution she received the representatives of the old families which had been dispersed by the emigration—Molé (who was to become her son-in-law), Pastoret, Vintimille, Pasquier, Chateaubriand, Norvins.

The Marquis de Saint-Lambert died in 1803; the Count d'Houdetot in 1806. After their death, the Countess, old as she was, had a romantic passion for M. de Sommarive, who had been vice-president of the Subalpine Republic. He was only forty years old, and might have been her son; her feelings towards him were purely maternal, but it pleased her to call it love. Every night, before going to bed, she used to bid him "Good night, M. de Saint-Lambert." She died holding his hand in hers. Chateaubriand, a few years after her death, made a visit to Sannois, and wrote in his memoirs:

"I lately saw again the house where lived Madame d'Houdetot. It is now a mere shell, reduced to the four walls. An abandoned hearth is always interesting; but what is there to say of a hearth before which sat neither beauty nor the mother of a family, nor religion, and whose embers, if they were not dispersed, would recall to our mind only days which knew nothing but to destroy?"

Such was the severe judgment, not unjust in reality, passed by the first inspirer of the romantic movement on the society of the eighteenth century, which, with all its charm, had the defect of a great frivolity that paved the way for the great Revolution.

Correspondence.

TITIAN'S SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There seem to be several difficulties in accepting Signore Palmarini's apparently interesting interpretation of this picture, as reported by your correspondent of October 15:

I. If these figures are one, not two, women, why is one a head taller and a third larger than the other; and why has one yellow and the other red golden hair?

II. If the smaller, clothed woman is the virgin, why are the roses of love plucked by her and unculled on the side of the nude figure?

III. Why, then, is the first in an attitude characteristic of a matron, and the nude figure in a pose as notably virginal? And why does one cavalier ride away from the clothed figure, and the other toward the second in the virginal attitude?

IV. Why does Signore Palmarini call the purple glass bowl transparent and half full of water under the arm of the clothed figure a "brazier"; and the variegated Venetian glass shallow crystalline dish near the nude figure a "metal" vase?

V. How does he know that the hand of Cupid hidden deeply from sight under the water bears an "arrow"?

It is also noticeable that the carved figures which he calls Adam and Eve, and supposes to be "witnessing" the scene of the sleeper awaked by lashings, are really not looking at it, but in different directions, viz., the man at the girl; the girl with eyes upraised.

There are other objections to be made, but these seem to be sufficient to show that this ingenious suggestion is only another reading based on imperfect observation of the incidents of the picture, and, like all the others (except the most interesting version to which I called attention), failing to account for all these incidents, and palpably misstating many of them. Only a person color-blind, or judging the picture but from reproductions, could call the carefully drawn and beautifully colored Venetian glass vessels "braziers" and "metal" dishes; and this in itself is enough to show the quality of the writer's powers of observation.

William P. Andrews.

Rome, October 30, 1900.

Notes.

From Lecky's 'England in the 18th Century,' the Appletons purpose extracting 'The History of the French Revolution,' and making of it a separate volume

Macmillan & Co. are about to bring out 'The Hour-Glass, and Other Poems,' by W. B. Yeats, and 'The Art of Cross-Examination,' by Francis L. Wellman.

A campaign Life of Lincoln was composed by Joseph Hartwell Barrett, political editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in 1860; now, bearing the degree of LL.D., he will offer through the Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, a two-volume work on 'Abraham Lincoln and his Presidency,' with portraits and unpublished letters.

More than a year ago we spoke in praise of Mr. Leonard Eckstein Opdycke's translation of Castiglione's 'The Book of the Courtier.' We have, then, only to welcome and describe the cheaper edition which the Scribners send us. It is no longer sold under limitation; the seventy-one portraits have dwindled to fifteen plates; neat gray boards, leather backed, have replaced gold-stamped vellum. But Mr. De Vinne's press-work is quite as beautiful as before; indeed the impression, except for a few emendations introduced by Mr. Opdycke, is

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apparently identical with that of the finer issue. In this popular form, it is still a noble book to the eye, as it is, in whatever guise, to the mind. The discerning will find it appropriate for gifts. Those who read it will not lack instruction in the duties and graces that in all times have befitted a gentleman.

Dr. Henry van Dyke's 'Poems of Alfred Tennyson' is issued by Ginn & Co. in their admirable "Athenæum Series," and also in a library edition. From a comparison between the two forms of publication, one may calculate the ratio between the college student and the gentle reader. The selection of poems and the introduction are identical. From the general reader is withheld "A Note on Metre" and about one hundred and fifty pages of bibliographical and explanatory notes. His compensation is a more attractive binding, better paper, and a more tasteful letterpress. The selection seems excellent. Restriction of "Selections from Epic Poems" to thirty pages is commendable, the devotion of forty pages to "In Memoriam" perhaps disproportionate. The dramas are represented only by incidental songs. Tennyson was so much a master of the purple patch that he lends himself readily to the anthologist's purpose. We believe that this Janus-faced anthology will smile at both its audiences.

No holiday output is complete without a new Shakspere. Misses Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, while still continuing, with "The Comedie of Errors," their laudable handy reprint of the First Folio in the original "wording, spelling, and punctuation," with "notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism," issue through T. Y. Crowell & Co. also a complete set in twelve volumes, the "Pembroke Edition," in which the text and the accompanying foot-notes are from the same plates and the other matter is omitted. New and briefer introductions have been provided, however. Either of these publications is a very desirable possession or acquisition.

Kingsley's 'Hypatia' (in two volumes), 'Yeast,' and 'Poems,' in the "Library Edition" edited for J. F. Taylor & Co. by Maurice Kingsley, have now appeared; the Poems for the first time correctly dated for composition and publication. "The Saint's Tragedy alone fills nearly 200 pages, the "Andromeda" hexameters fill 28; the shorter pieces 150. The last poem in order and in point of time and composition is a ballad written in Colorado in 1874, during a desperate illness. The Letters and Memories have yet to come.

In various more or less showy bindings, H. M. Caldwell & Co. are publishing a little series of "Remarque Literary Classics"—'Poems of Sentiment' from Lord Byron; Thackeray's 'Letters to a Young Man About Town'; Penn's 'Some Fruits of Solitude,' with an introduction by Edmund Gosse—all clearly and rather elegantly printed. A slightly larger volume, yet still pocketable, consists of 'Selections from the Works of Herbert Spencer,' edited by Arthur D. Hall.

The reprints known as "Unit Books," from the method of estimating the price (Howard Wilford Bell), are neat in appearance and of good typography. Two just to hand are Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun' and 'Lincoln's Letters and Addresses.'

Secretary Hay's readable 'Castilian Days' is well on towards a quarter-century of copyright. It was his first-fruits in belles-lettres, and obtained at once a favorable reception. It now reappears in a holiday edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), with some chapters omitted ("A Field-Night in the Cortes" among others, perhaps for diplomatic reasons), and with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. These drawings, either in wash or in crayon, are in marked contrast to the artist's line work, and are to our mind less effective, with few exceptions. One of these is surely the "Approach to Segovia."

The recent refreshing of interest in the elder Dumas has resulted in the enterprise of publishing an all but complete translation of his novels into English (London: Methuen & Co.), the omitted works being few and of slight importance. Besides 'Amaury,' 'Georges,' 'The Prince of Thieves,' 'Robin Hood,' and 'The Corsican Brothers,' we have now received 'The Three Musketeers,' with an introduction to the series by Mr. Andrew Lang. This is biographical rather than critical, and, being avowedly helped out by Mr. Davidson's admirable 'Life,' can hardly lay claim to originality; it is, however, rapid and light in touch as befits its subject, with a sensible vindication of Dumas's method of literary collaboration, but with the apparently inevitable obtrusion of a casual reference to spirit-rapping. Mr. Allinson's work as translator succeeds here and there in suggesting the extraordinary vitality of the simple French original.

Three handsome volumes of a translation of the 'Memoirs of Monsieur D'Artagnan' form a bulky addition to Dumas publications (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). For the translator's sake, it may be wished that his scholarship and skill had been turned on worthier matter, for the contents of these volumes go but to show to what admirable use Dumas was capable of putting a spiritless narrative of adventures that could be made lively. But Mr. Ralph Nevill has done his task with so much conscientiousness as not to tamper with the slightly archaic dulness of Courtilz de Sandras, whom Bayle (strangely enough) considered a vivacious writer. The real value of the work consists in its frank revelations of the blackguardism which public opinion in those days looked upon as not incompatible with the conduct of a man of honor. Several good illustrations are a credit to the publishers.

The first part of a series of facsimiles from ancient manuscripts published by the New Palæographical Society has just appeared. It includes two papyri from the British Museum. No. 655, dated 127 B.C., is the record of a loan from Thoteus to Totoës and his wife Tacmoïs, all the parties being Persians living in Egypt. The loan draws no interest for three months, after which time the rate runs at 24 per cent., with a provision for an increase in the principal of 50 per cent. in case of default. The other papyrus records a loan of wine, also among Egyptianized Persians. There are specimen pages from a Cambridge manuscript of the Septuagint, from a Menologium in the Vatican Library, from the Gospels in Greek at Lambeth Palace, and from the Anglo-Saxon MS. in the Bodleian of Saint Gregory's Pastoral Care. Manumissions of the early twelfth century are reproduced from the Chapter Library at Exeter, and most beautiful of all are the pages reproduced from a Latin Psalter in the public library at Douai. This marvellously beautiful, work belongs to the early fourteenth century. One of the pages is a very beautiful crucifixion, another has the initial B of the first Psalm. Even without the glory of its color, the charm of this masterpiece is wonderfully great. The subscribers who have revived the Palæographical Society have good reason to rejoice in this first instalment of its publications.

The *Geographical Journal* for November contains an account, by Mr. C. W. Campbell, of a recent journey in Mongolia. His description of the sparsely inhabited tableland which he crossed makes it difficult to realize that here was once the seat of an empire so vast that, to use the words of Sir Henry Yule, "in Asia and Eastern Europe, scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave." Possibly the old conditions, still witnessed to by numerous ruins of ancient cities, are about to be restored, for the pressure of population in Shansi and Chi-li is driving the Chinese into Mongolia. Already they have colonized the land for sixty miles beyond the Great Wall, ousting the Mongols as they advance. Among the inscriptions seen was a Tibetan prayer, each letter being "fifteen feet square, and neatly formed of stones hammered into the hillside." It could be read, with glasses, at a distance of two miles. A continuation of the summary of the results obtained in the bathymetrical survey of the freshwater lochs of Scotland is devoted to fourteen lochs in the Tay basin. Maps and illustrations accompany both articles.

In a report upon the natural resources and products of Cuba, published in the Consular Reports for November, special attention is directed to the forests. A list of seventy-two different kinds of trees in them, with their uses in various industries, is given, to which should be added "about fifty different species of fruit trees, and a great number of trees used for fuel, fencing, carpentry, and cabinetwork." Among a variety of other subjects treated in the same number may be noted industrial education in Europe, and the New South Wales Railway and Tramway Ambulance Corps. This organization has about 1,800 members, who have passed examinations and are certified as capable of rendering first aid to the injured. They are to be found in every branch of the service, in the workshops, and at every station of importance throughout the system. Instruction is given by the railway medical officer, who regularly visits the various centres throughout the State. Their services are not confined to accidents on the railway or in the workshops, but many cases are reported annually of aid given to the general public. As a special acknowledgment of exceptional services, gold and silver medals are presented. Every passenger train running outside the suburban section, and mixed trains on branch lines, are fitted with a medical chest and all ambulance requirements.

In connection with the foundation at Balliol College in 1893 of a Lewis Nettleship scholarship, the first public performance of the first orchestral composition of Mr. Donald Tovey, who was the Nettleship scholar first elected, deserves attention. This took place in St. James's Hall,

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London, before an enthusiastic public early in November. Mr. Tovey's concerto for piano and orchestra has given rise to divergences of opinion. This work is more clearly wrought than his previous and minor compositions, and some find it "dry" and antiquated in form, while others complain of it as too much in the style of Brahms, whose antiquity is more than problematical. A tone of controversy is perhaps pardonable on the part of Mr. Tovey's adverse critics, since he saw fit to substitute for the now customary analytical programme a learned essay of his own on 'The Classical Concerto, its Nature and Purpose.' In this he gave a most detailed account and original appreciation of Mozart's twenty-fifth pianoforte concerto (Köchel 503), which was on his programme, but made little or no allusion to his own work.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued the fourth and fifth volumes of their centenary Emerson, 'Representative Men' and 'English Traits.' A novel and interesting, but unsatisfactory portrait of Emerson appears in 'English Traits.' As one of the least transcendental of his presentments, it could not be better placed than in the least transcendental of his books. Mr. Edward Emerson's notes in these two volumes are even more delightful and important than in the three volumes preceding. This is what we should expect, the subjects treated here being such as specially invite annotation. Emerson's journal yields extremely good matter. As good, and less drawn upon heretofore, are the son's recollections of his father's attractions and repulsions, and his judgments of men and things. The 'English Traits' brings Emerson into his closest relations with Carlyle, and the notes add many incidents of their acquaintance to our previous store. It is interesting to find Emerson writing, after his first visit, "I never saw more amiableness than in his countenance." With each set of notes there is some introductory matter giving the circumstances under which the books were written. Several adverse contemporary criticisms of 'Representative Men' are mentioned, but not Froude's (1850), which was as ungracious as any. Already Emerson had recorded his opinion of Froude in a private letter as a noble youth to whom his heart warmed. Emerson's journal shows that in selecting his Representative Men he denied himself one. "Jesus should properly be one head; but it requires great power of intellect and sentiment to subdue the biases of the mind of the age and render historic judgment to the world's chief saint." In 'English Traits' it is interesting to find Garrison the bearer of the invitation that took Emerson to England in 1848. (They had previously been linked together, but unknowingly, at Wilberforce's funeral in 1833.) The time was one of great social and political upheaval, but Emerson's detachment, both in London and in Paris, was characteristic if not admirable. One is tempted to retort on his "Why so hot, my little man?" "Why so cold, dear friend and helper?" Many of the extracts from Emerson's journals and letters give a sharper edge to what he deliberately put into his books. We read of Carlyle: "He is a bacchanal in the strong waters of vituperation." We have this also: "I am to say what is strange, but it so happened that, the higher were the persons in the social scale whom I conversed with, the less marked was their national accent, and the more I found them like the most cultivated persons in America."

—Thomas Arthur Strange's 'Historical Guide to French Interiors, Furniture, Decoration Woodwork and the Allied Arts,' during the last half of the seventeenth century, the whole of the eighteenth century, and the earlier part of the nineteenth (Charles Scribner's Sons), is made up almost wholly of pictures, and its four hundred pages must contain 1,500 separate designs. To be so full of matter and still cost five dollars only, it has to be cheaply made; and certainly it has a strangely rough, slighted, uncared-for look, as if the scrapbook of a child. But the reproductions are from good and even admittedly standard models of design, and the brief text is judicious and trustworthy. There are some motives of design which can be sufficiently well set forth in very cheaply made cuts. Wrought-iron railings and gates are of that class; you gain very little by having a fine and delicate drawing—it is the exact curve you want and nothing else. There are carvings of which even a poorly made half-tone print gives as much as the student needs. Highly wrought tapestry cannot be represented in an adequate fashion except by very costly photogravures, and these rough cuts give all that any other copy could give—the general layout of the design. As for the drawings of decorative subjects left behind in scores of published volumes by the eighteenth-century men, the reproductions of their pages here are not wholly inadequate. In short, we have as useful a book of subjects as can be asked for at the price.

—Mrs. E. W. Champney's 'Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux' is the third member of a series, of which the 'Romance of the Feudal Châteaux' and 'Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux' have been reviewed by us (Putnams). Of the second we said: "The stories can be read by one who will have romance at any price; otherwise, the book can be disregarded except for the illustrations." The present volume might be qualified in almost identical terms. By the "Bourbon Châteaux" are meant Versailles, Vaux, St. Fargeau, Bussy-Rabutin, the larger and the smaller Trianons, the Luxembourg, Maisons-sur-Seine, Beaumesnil, Chantilly, Cheverny, St. Cloud, Le Lude, and O *(le château d'O)*. Now, it is evident that these are "Bourbon" not by creation but by appropriation. Everything in France became Bourbon in the reign of Louis XIV. Still, it is good to have the photographs, twenty-five of them, of purely architectural character, and some of little-known subjects. The legend, "from a photograph by James Wells Champney," is attached to the title of nearly all of them. But there are, as in the former volumes, copies of paintings of popular and romantic subjects — Vetter's "Cardinal Mazarin Choosing Pictures" and "Louis XIV. and Molière," the "Last Roll-Call of the Reign of Terror," by Louis Müller, and George Cain's "Pajon Modelling Du Barry's Bust"; and, more interesting than all, a photogravure of an important Watteau in the Wallace Collection. For these illustrations alone the book might well be bought and preserved; but the text of it, except for one chapter, is a mere hash of eighteenth-century stories of adventure and intrigue, which read much better in the original French.

—'Eighty Years of Union,' by James Schouler, is an attractive volume of some 400 pages, just issued from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. It is not a new work. Neither is it an abridgment or condensation of Mr. Schouler's six-volume history of the United States. It consists of a selection of "suitable passages so that the reader may have before him a consecutive narrative, in the historian's own words and original expressions, so far as the present space permits." The sub-title, "A Short History of the United States," is thus strictly a misnomer. While the narrative may be "consecutive," it is obvious that the mode of constructing the book has made it quite impossible to achieve a proper relative emphasis. The excellent characterization of Washington fills ten pages. This is not an excessive amount for a six-volume history, but it is out of the question in a one-volume history. What we have here is, then, a very good selection of extracts from the larger history, but not in any sense a history of the United States. The rest of these extracts are, indeed, characterizations of the chief leaders—Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Lincoln. Of great measures we learn little, such as the measures of Hamilton, the policy of Jefferson, the Louisiana negotiations, etc. But the book is far more interesting reading than any mere summary of the period could be. One gets the best parts of Mr. Schouler's long history in brief space, yet avoids the dry brevity of the conventional manual. Mr. Schouler has supervised the publication, but apparently has changed nothing, even where recent investigations have made such change very desirable. It is, for example no longer possible, since the appearance of Mr. McCaleb's book, to say that Wilkinson, "by his energetic preparations at New Orleans, crushed the enterprise," etc. (p. 106). The book will be widely read, and it is a pleasure to recommend this last volume of one who has for so long given his best attention to the study of American history.

—Mr. Henry Bradley carries the letter L from Lock to its conclusion, in the October issue of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde). Worthy of remark in the classical features of this vocabulary are the endings -loger (which began with Astrologer in the fourteenth century, but is no longer a living formative, having been superseded by -logist), -logian (likewise superseded, and leading off with Theologian), -logue (now seldom used to designate persons), -logic and the much more frequent -logical (with a difference in meaning). Interest centres rather in the English portion; and here we encounter seven substantives and four verbs Lop, and seven substantives and one verb Lug. Pepys supplies the earliest quotation for Longhand (1666). Mr. Bradley enumerates the several proper applications of the title Lord, and, for the Lord Mayor, the cities which are privileged to have one. The phrase "No love is lost between them" is shown to have been long ambiguous, for while, from 1640 to 1824 or later, it implied mutual affection, from 1622 it also meant the re-

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verse down to the present day, when this is the sole meaning. Those who recall the late George P. Marsh's pet aversion to Lovely as applied to inanimate things, will find citations of that description going back to the fourteenth century. "This trout looks lovely," says Izaak Walton in 1653. As for the much decried expression to "look well," etc., "This use [with adverb of manner]," says Mr. Bradley, "is often indiscriminately condemned, but is justly censurable only where *look* is virtually equivalent to *seem*, so that it requires a predicative complement and not a qualification of manner [to have a certain look or appearance]. Owing, however, to the prejudice excited by the inaccurate use, *look* now rarely occurs with adverbs of manner other than *well, ill, badly*." This is a clear case of being afraid of one's own language.

—There are some Americanisms in this section, of all of which we may not be equally proud. *Loco-foco* is a formation of uncertain occasion, which began its career as the name of a self-igniting cigar or match, then quickly passed over to a political party, and now is obsolete in both senses, except for the historian. Lot, for land, is a native product, not unhandy. The first quotation for Lounge in the sense of 'sofa' is from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; and, thanks to Mr. Albert Matthews, Lynch and Lynch Law are thoroughly if not conclusively exhibited in origin and development of usage. Logy is of our obscure begetting (from 1859), and does not appear to have become anglicized. Lump (vb.), as in the colloquial "If you don't like it, you can lump it," we do not discover under that word. The parting salutation, "So long!" dates here from 1865. Whitman embalmed it three years later, and we recall a poem of his, bearing this refrain, which was translated by a German admirer with an odd pathetic implication calculated to excite the risibles of an American reader, as if "Ta-ta!" had been so dignified.

—In his account of Mr. I. B. Richman's recent book on Rhode Island, in the *English Historical Review* for October-December,—Mr. Louis Dyer discusses the origin of the name "Rhode Island." Agreeing with Mr. Richman and Mr. S. S. Rider that the Dutch derivation accepted by Bancroft is palpably absurd, he also rejects the idea that the name took its origin from Verrazano's speaking, in 1582, of Aquidneck Island as "about the bigness of the Island of Rhodes." As a matter of fact, Rhodes happens to be more than ten times the size of Rhode Island, and it would be difficult to find two portions of the earth's surface more totally dissimilar, so that the only reason for supposing that Verrazano's most incompetent comparison influenced the naming of Rhode Island is that it was in print before Aquidneck was so named (1652?). Mr. Dyer refuses to take Roger Williams's statement, (made in 1666), that "Rhode Island, like the Island of Rhodes, is an Island of Roses," as a tacit record of the naming of Aquidneck for a remote and unknown island in the Mediterranean. Such a proceeding would be so completely out of the range of early seventeenth-century thought among colonists that Mr. Dyer thinks it more likely that Rhode Island was named, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, by the aborigines. It so happened that Aquidneck admitted of a terse and euphonious translation. Its meaning is given, Mr. Dyer argues, in a libellous sentence addressed in 1661 to John Winthrop, jr., by the Atherton associates, who say: "Roade Island is . . . a roade, refuge, asylum to evil livers." Narragansett Bay is the Road near the American Newport, as Cowes Roads lie close to Newport in the Isle of Wight. *Road* as a *refuge for ships* is perfectly good English. *Aquidneck* certainly means the "island in the mouth of the bay," since Eliot applies the word *Aquidnesick* = 'the little island in the mouth of the bay' (so Trumbull translates it) to the islet Clauda off the Cretan coast. Substract *si* as presumably diminutive, and, Mr. Dyer maintains, you have *Aquidneck* = Rhode Island.

—Mr. Jacques Reich again appeals to the taste of the holiday season with a brace of etched portraits on a grand scale. His subjects this year are Alexander Hamilton, after the portrait by Trumbull in the New York City Hall, and Franklin, after Duplessis's painting in the Boston Fine Arts Museum. Both these plates we believe will commend themselves for their art and for the characters depicted. They happen to be in admirable contrast when hung together; in scheme of lighting on the one hand, and in personality on the other. Hamilton's vigorous and youthful head is instinct with keenness and pure intellectuality, and the high lights of face and neckerchief spring from an almost solid black background. Franklin's features show their customary phlegm and repose, with senile marks about the mouth, his long hair mingling with his fur collar; the whole in a more (and fittingly) subdued tone. Each plate bears evidence of the artist's increasing mastery, and is an authentic document. For etching, as for wood-engraving, the intervention of photography means not the revival but the beginning of portraiture from paintings of the past, most of which, it may truly be said, have never been engraved at all in spite of the multitude of so-called copies. Mr. Reich's address is 2 West 14th Street.

JOHN SARGENT, PAINTER.

The Work of John S. Sargent, R.A. With an Introductory Note by Mrs. Meynell. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Since the death of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent holds, by all odds, the highest and most conspicuous position before the world of any artist whom we can claim as in some sort an American—indeed, he is to-day one of the most famous artists of any country, easily the first painter of England, and one of the first wherever he may find himself. Not only is he indubitably one of the most brilliant of living artists, but his enthusiastic admirers are ready to proclaim him one of the great artists of all times, and to invite comparison of his works with those of the greatest of his predecessors. He has painted a vast number of portraits, a few pictures, and some mural decorations which, from the ability displayed in them and the originality of their conception, are certainly to be reckoned among the most considerable efforts in that branch of art produced within a century past. The volume before us represents in its sixty-two photogravure plates, as well as painting can be represented in black and white, the best-known of his pictures and many of the most successful of his portraits, but it omits entirely his mural paintings. It is essentially a volume of plates, there being no other text than a fourteen-page "Introductory Note" by Mrs. Meynell—a pleasantly written appreciation which makes no pretence at thoroughness of criticism. Short of a gathering together of the original paintings, it would be difficult to imagine a better opportunity for a general view of Sargent's work as a painter—not as a decorator—or a more tempting occasion for the analysis of his genius. His mural paintings would, in any case, require separate and exhaustive treatment, not only because they are apart from the rest of his work, but because the demands of this kind of art are altogether different from those made upon the artist by portraiture and *genre* painting (and Sargent's largest pictures, other than the paintings in the Boston Public Library, are still essentially *genre* pictures), and the whole point of view of the critic must be shifted to deal with the new considerations involved.

It must be understood, then, at the outset, that nothing we have now to say has any reference to these decorations. If, in the discussion of Sargent's other work, it should be necessary to point out those things in which he is least great, it will be done in no spirit of denigration. He is so large a figure in modern art that the attempt to define his limitations can only serve to accent his magnitude. To show where he is strongest, it is necessary to show where he is less strong; and if any comparisons are implied, they are only with the highest. One begins by accepting him as head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries; the effort is to show wherein he resembles or differs from the great masters of other times, and to arrive at an approximate idea of the place which he may eventually hold among them. It is with this desire that one turns over the pages containing the record of a career already so astonishing, though we may reasonably hope that it is not more than half run.

In the first place, it becomes immediately evident that Sargent, as becomes a portrait painter, belongs to the class of observers rather than to that of the composers. With some exceptions, he seems at his best almost in proportion to the limitation of his subject-matter; his single heads and figures being more thoroughly satisfactory than his groups of several figures. The exceptions are extremely significant, and do, in this case, really go far to prove the rule, for they are pictures of things seen, not of things arranged. They are such pictures as "El Jaleo" or the smaller "Spanish Dance," as "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" or the portrait of "The Children of E. D. Boit"—things which we should call admirably and ingeniously arranged were it not for the feeling that they happened so; that the artist seized upon a fortuitous natural composition and recorded it, either from memory or directly from the thing. Of course, one does not mean that it required no sense of composition to do this, or that the natural arrangement was unmodified by the artistic sense—only that the immediate inspiration of nature was necessary to stimulate the artist's sense of composition to this point, and that he is less happy when he is called upon to conceive

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beforehand an arrangement into which his observations of nature shall be made to fit—when he is asked to invent a natural grouping of several figures which shall afterwards be studied from the life. Instances of this relative inferiority to his own best are such groups as "Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane" and "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson," which, with all their brilliancy, and in spite of their great beauty in the several parts, we cannot find altogether as satisfactory as either Mr. Sargent's single portraits or his pictures. The latter group, with its reminiscence of Reynolds or Gainsborough, is also, like the portrait of "Miss Daisy Leiter" and one or two other things in which he has experimented in the vein of eighteenth-century art, a reminder that, like other observers, he is best when most frankly of his own time. They are extremely clever, as they could not well help being, being his, but they are not the real thing; and one feels that one has lost more in losing something of his acute observation of the actual than one has gained by the addition of what are, after all, transplanted graces. It is the unexpected that we expect from Mr. Sargent—his personal interpretation of what is; not the attempt to square it with other men's interpretation of what was.

Sargent, then, is to be ranked with the observers and painters—with the realists, in a sense, for there is a realism of elegance as well as of ugliness—and his task is to show us what he sees with his bodily eyes, not what he can imagine of beautiful or august. The art of the pure painters, of whom he is one, is a mingling of observation and craftsmanship, and their relative importance is determined partly by the rarity of their observations and the kind of facts observed by them, partly by the beauty which they know how to get out of the actual materials of their art and their handling of them. That Sargent is a past master of his craft it is no longer necessary to say, and the eulogy of his workmanship is already made. Mrs. Meynell quotes a passage from a letter of Ruskin's to Rossetti in which he says: "There are two methods of laying oil color which can be proved right; . . . one of them having no display of hand, the other involving it essentially and as an element of its beauty." She rather objects to the word "display," thinking that, if writing for publication, Ruskin would have changed it for one of more dignity; but the word seems to us the right one. With the painters whom Fromentin calls *cachottier*, Sargent has no affinity, whether they paint simply and beautifully, with a handling that escapes detection in its very simplicity, or whether they indulge in mysterious processes savoring at once of cookery and of alchemy. There are no tricks in his trade—he is perfectly frank, and everything is on the surface, for him who runs to read. It does not satisfy him that his work is right, or even that it is actually easy for him to make it so—it must *look* easy. He is one of the great virtuosi of the brush, and he counts upon the pleasure his virtuosity will afford you for a great part of his effect. He will spare no pains to give you the impression that he has had to take none, and will repaint any part of his picture that may have cost too much effort, giving more labor that it may seem to have needed less. In this particular and perfectly legitimate charm of art—the charm of prompt and efficient execution, the magic of the hand—Sargent is, perhaps, the equal of any one, even of the greatest. It remains to examine what are the characteristics of the vision which he fixes for us, what are the qualities of nature best observed by the eye and brain so admirably served.

Of the three great classes of truths which it is the business of the painter to observe, truths of color, of light and shade and tone, and of form, it is the truths of form that Sargent observes most surely, and it is as a draughtsman that he most entirely triumphs. He is above all a painter of the shapes of things. This is partly a matter of temperament and gift, partly a matter of training and technical method. In discussing his gift for color, the photogravures, of course, afford us no aid, and they are not of much more service in the matter of tone; we must rely upon our memory of the originals or of other original pictures by him. There is nothing in which the great colorists have more delighted than in the painting of human flesh, and the technical methods which Sargent originally acquired from his master, Carolus Duran, are, in spite of modification in his hands, ill fitted to express the peculiar irradiation and coloring from beneath which are the great charm of that substance. The sweeps of opaque color laid on with a full brush are apt to give a texture as of drapery, no matter how accurate the particular tints may be; and if we are to have the pleasure of instantaneous execution, we must generally accept with it some diminution of the pleasure derivable from beautiful flesh painting. The great painters of flesh have generally been more *cachottier;* and, indeed, it may be said that the highest beauty of coloring is always more or less incompatible with too great frankness of procedure, and demands a certain reticence and mystery. Whether the great technicians have felt this incompatibility and contented themselves with only a relative perfection of color, or whether a less acute sensitiveness to color was a condition precedent to their becoming great technicians, it is certain that the highest refinement of color has not hitherto been found in conjunction with the most direct handling, and that, even with Velasquez, as his color becomes more beautiful his handling will generally be found more mysterious. Something of the same sort is true, to a lesser degree, with light and shade; and the masters of chiaroscuro, the delicate discriminators of values, the creators of tone, have generally been mysterious technicians. Indeed, it may be said that light and shade is mystery, and has been the favorite means of expression of the painters to whom mystery makes the greatest appeal. No one would think of denying to Sargent a good natural eye for color, or that sound training in values which is the basis of so much that is best in modern painting; but these are not the elements of art in which he is strongest or those which his methods are best fitted to express.

Of all those qualities of things with which the art of painting deals, form is the most concrete, the least mysterious and illusory, the least a semblance and the most a reality; and it is form, therefore, which is the most readily expressible by the direct and simple methods of the great executants. The master craftsmen—the *painters* in the more limited sense—have always been great draughtsmen. There is a confusion, here, of long standing. We have been so accustomed to consider drawing a matter of line that we have confined the term draughtsman to the linealists, and have set them over against the painters as a separate and opposing class. The true division is between the draughtsmen by line and the draughtsmen by mass; and the art of painting as Hals practised it, and as Sargent practises it, is the representation of objects in their bulk rather than by their edges (by the analysis of their projecting or retreating planes) and the rendering of the forms thus distinguished in a direct and forcible manner, each touch of the brush answering in shape and size, and, as far as possible, in color and value, to one of these natural planes.

Sargent was an admirable linear draughtsman before he was a painter, and is now an exquisite linear draughtsman when he cares to be so. He is a draughtsman of the nude figure as well as of the head, as his "Egyptian Girl" in this volume should remind us if it were necessary. It is his profound knowledge of form that renders his virtuosity possible, as his virtuosity is the instantaneous expression of his vivid sense of form; and any attempt to imitate his manner without his matter is an invitation to disaster—an invitation which his great prestige leads too many to extend. If by drawing we mean the power of clearly seeing and accurately rendering the actual forms of things—leaving aside all questions of idealization or expression by abstract line—Sargent is probably the greatest of living draughtsmen, and that is why he is a great painter.

It is this power of accurate drawing, in its variety of manifestations from Van Eyck to Frans Hals, that has always marked the great portrait painters as distinguished from the imaginative painters; but there is another power that has often enough been credited to them—that of insight. They have been thought to see below the surface, to form a definite conception of the character of their sitters, and to transfer that conception in some way to their canvas and to make us see it. To none of them has this power been more often credited than to Sargent, and stories are told of how this or that trait has been brought out in some picture of his which, though latent in the sitter, was unknown to the sitter's friends. On the strength of such stories, and of the impression of lifelikeness which his portraits make, he has even been called a psychologist. Is he so, or was any artist ever so? One may certainly argue that it is the business of the painter to see what is and record it, not to form theories of why it is—to have an eye for character, if you like, not an opinion of character. He may have an instinct for what is most characteristic in a face, and accent those things in it which are essentially individual, without necessarily having any clear conception of the individuality itself. As to Mr. Sargent, there is a story which may be neither more nor less true than the others to which we have referred. He had painted a portrait in which he was thought to have brought out the inner nature of his sitter, and to have "seen through the veil" of the external man. When asked about it, he is said to have expressed

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some annoyance at the idea, and to have remarked: "If there were a veil, I should paint the veil. I can paint only what I see." Whether he said it or not, we are inclined to think that this sentence expresses the truth. Sargent, like other artists, paints his impression, and he paints it more frankly and directly than many, with less brooding and less search for subtleties—paints it strongly and without reservation; and he leaves the psychology to those who shall look at the picture. His affair is with shapes and external aspects, not with the meaning of them; and because he has an extraordinary organization for seeing these aspects truly and rendering them powerfully, with that slight touch of exaggeration which makes them more vivid to us than nature, and with those eliminations of the non-essential which are the necessity of art, we who look on can read more from the painted face than from the real one, and credit him with having written all that we have read.

One need not deny that there have been artists who have done something more or something other than this; men of a different type from Sargent, more attentive, more submissive, fuller of a tremulous sympathy, more ready to sink their own personality in that of the sitter, and who have given a more intimate life to their portraits than he seems to us to do. Sargent is always himself—John Sargent, painter—quite cool and in the full possession of his powers, with the most wonderful eye and hand for receiving and recording impressions of the look of things that are now to be found in the world. The masters with whom it is inevitable that he should be compared are Hals and Velasquez; and if it must be left to posterity to say how nearly he has equalled them, we can be sure, even now, that his work is more like theirs than any other that has been produced in the past century.

DARWIN'S MUNICIPAL TRADE.

Municipal Trade. By Leonard Darwin. E P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In the waste of political pseudo-science, it is infinitely refreshing to come upon such a work as Major Darwin's. It is like the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land. The subject itself is of the highest importance, for it seems likely to affect property as extensively as the protective system, and even more directly. Great as the subject is, the treatment is worthy of it. The "inverse deductive method" has never been more admirably applied, and the treatise as a whole reflects honor on the illustrious name of Darwin. Occasionally, it is true, the author may be charged with assuming too much; *axiomata media* are not always scientifically established. But such instances are exceptional, and the chain of reasoning which extends through the book has no links which are not equal to the strain laid upon them. Such a treatise, of course, cannot be popular. No one who is not able to read the 'Origin of Species' with pleasure and with intelligence will be likely to obtain edification from this book. But whoever has the zeal to grapple earnestly with a problem of the utmost difficulty, will find that, with Major Darwin's assistance, the solution is attainable, and that he will reach conclusions so well supported with argument as to be scientifically impregnable.

The words "Municipal Trade" are intended to cover all enterprises managed by local governing bodies that are carried on for profit when undertaken by private persons. Such enterprises have always been carried on by municipalities; but within the last few years, in England especially, the practice has enormously increased. Thus, in 1867, the debts of the local governing bodies in England and Wales amounted to £60,000,000, while in 1900 they were £294,000,000. Not all of this represents capital invested in municipal trading, but most of it is so accounted for; the ratable value of the country, however, increased only 30 per cent. in the last twenty-five years. The debt *per caput* is now nearly $42. At the same time, the municipal governments are constantly seeking to enlarge their trading, and to engage in various competitive industries. To ascertain the degree of success attained by governing bodies in this field of activity, and to inquire into the wisdom of the policy, in the past and in the future, may well call into exercise the highest talents.

The first fact established by Major Darwin is that workmen employed by municipalities receive more pay than men doing like work for other employers. He then proves that it is a mistake to suppose that municipalities can borrow at a lower rate of interest than private traders, the supposition being founded on a misunderstanding of the conditions attached to the loans. Hence the cost of public works is, as a rule, greater than that of private enterprises, and the result is that consumers in general, or the rate-payers, are taxed in order that the workmen employed by the Government may receive more pay than they could get in other employment. They constitute a privileged class, and they naturally combine in order to preserve and extend their privileges. They have votes, and they use them in support of such rulers as favor their demands. Rulers, when elective, are under temptation to make promises to voters and to reward their supporters. Wages are normally subject to great fluctuations; but elective rulers seldom venture to reduce the wages of public servants. Any one proposing such reduction is likely to be defeated when he next presents himself as a candidate for office. Similar conditions affect, more or less, all questions of public expenditure. Rulers who oppose excessive expenditure are likely to incur the displeasure of municipal employees, and a premium is thus placed on the return of the least scrupulous candidates.

Hence, where many voters are supported by the public funds, high-minded men are less likely to be elected, and they are less likely to seek election. They can promise no favors, and they will not desire to assume office which involves constant friction with employees. Moreover, the presence of such men in governing bodies is disliked by the less scrupulous members; and members of this class are generally potent in the party organizations, and have great influence in the choice of candidates. The more municipal trade extends, the greater the amount of patronage; and we have seen in this country that it is almost impossible to prevent the rewarding of party followers in this way. Hence there is a strong pressure to multiply offices for the sake of increasing patronage. On the other hand, the diminution in the number of offices, with the consequent displacement of employees, is something that few elective rulers have the courage to recommend or the ability to accomplish. It seems, therefore, that the extension of municipal trade is necessarily attended with an increase of demoralizing conditions, and that this increase is likely to be progressive. It is a matter of very great difficulty to induce a municipality to relinquish any enterprise after it has once engaged in it, and the instances in which such a step has been taken, before bankruptcy was imminent, have been very rare.

Illustrations of these truths from our own experience readily suggest themselves, and we need not go to England for examples. We have been told so much of Glasgow, however, as to make it worth notice that the employees of that city can cast from 10 to 18 per cent. of the total vote—a proportion sufficient to turn the scale in most elections. There is in Edinburgh a "Municipal Workers' Committee" which exerts at times a controlling influence. Hitherto the local governments of England have been comparatively pure; but they have only recently engaged much in trade, and corrupting influences have not yet exerted their full power. The argument is advanced that the city governments of the United States have been very corrupt, although not carrying on trade; and that if the number of services under their control were increased, there would be less corruption. The conclusion has no apparent connection with the premises; and, as Major Darwin shows, there are better ways of dealing with the problem than to increase the number of persons directly interested in extravagant expenditure. He adds that our cities have perhaps passed through the worst of their corruption, the business of serving the public being now pretty completely apportioned, and that it will be much easier to obtain fair terms from private companies now that their investments have been largely made, than when they were obtaining concessions of which the value was little appreciated. There is ample evidence to support this conclusion. In the future there will be more corruption from legislative attempts to blackmail shareholders in public-service corporations than from attacks on legislative virtue by promoters. If the character of our rulers is improved, there will be less corruption in their dealing with the corporations. If the opportunities for corruption are enlarged by municipal trading, the character of our rulers is more likely to deteriorate than to improve.

The admission is sometimes made by American socialists that civil-service reform is necessary before Municipal Trade can be extensively introduced. This consideration is disposed of by Major Darwin in a single sentence:

"When such admissions are made, the argument tends to become somewhat contradictory; for those who urge that municipal trade is necessary as a cure for corruption, cannot logically add that corruption must first be cured by civil-service reform, without which Municipal Trade would only make matters worse."

The evils resulting from Municipal Trade do not cause Major Darwin to condemn it

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altogether. In the case of water supply, he seems to favor municipal ownership and management; and sewerage and other matters involving the opening of the streets should be attended to by Government. We cannot follow his argument, step by step, but the main lines are as follows: Governing bodies are not fitted to engage in competitive industries, which many English municipalities are now doing and more are desirous to do. They have greater powers and opportunities than private traders for checking competition, and they often seek to suppress it altogether by legislative authority. In fact, a very powerful body, the Municipal Corporations Association, has definitely announced this principle. The lack of electric light in many English towns is thus explained; the Government, having its own gas plant, has successfully opposed electrical enterprises because they would interfere with its monopoly. In a number of instances the authorities have obtained charters for electric lighting, and, having thus headed off competition, have made no further use of their powers. In the case of tramways owned by municipalities, competing omnibus lines are liable to be interfered with by the Government. The municipalities now make it a rule to take the power, in their by-laws, to carry more passengers than can be seated—something which their competitors would probably not be allowed to do. The facts adduced in this connection are conclusive, and it is very evident that municipalities tend to seek statutory protection for their enterprises, and to overcome competition by selling their products at a loss, making up the deficiency by higher taxes. The injustice of such proceedings is properly described by Major Darwin. It happens not infrequently that the greater part of the rates is paid by persons having no votes in the municipality, and in such cases these persons may be taxed for the very purpose of benefiting certain of the residents at their expense. So far as rents are raised by taxation, tenants who, under the system of compounding the rates, are unaware that they contribute to the taxes, may really bear the results of their own folly. Where rents cannot be raised, the value of property will decline, and the growth of the town be checked by the losses of property owners.

Major Darwin fully perceives the justice of controlling trades that tend to be monopolized, and of securing to the community such increment of value as is unearned by those holding concessions for furnishing things generally used in a community. Water, however, is the only commodity for which there is no substitute, and the furnishing of which is not subject to competition. Gas works must meet the competition of electric light, and both are subject to the competition of oil and even of candles. Tramways have to allow for omnibuses and motor carriages. Such competition may not be sufficient to produce fair prices; but the remedy is not to be sought in Municipal Trade. Monopolies can be regulated, and most of the advantages claimed for municipal trade can thus be obtained for the public without the evils of political corruption and governmental extravagance and injustice. The fact that Municipal Trade is popular, as Major Darwin demonstrates, affords little evidence that it is advantageous. The statistics purporting to show the results of experiments of this kind, when subjected to careful scrutiny, are worthless for almost every purpose. Major Darwin's suggestions

"include changes with regard to concessions, which should be granted without a named limit of years, but including the right of purchase by Local Authorities at all times on such terms as will not throttle private enterprise; restrictions on the power of veto of private enterprise now exercised by municipalities; wide powers of inspection by municipalities of all the affairs of companies receiving such municipal concessions; and the appointment of an independent and technical commission to decide any questions that may arise between the Local Authorities who represent the citizens, and the companies managing monopolies in their districts."

We have been able to do little more than state the conclusions reached in this treatise. But, as we have said, its peculiar excellence consists in the logical perfection with which these conclusions are established. The argument is, in the main, unanswerable. No one guided solely by reason can read this impartial examination of the problem of Municipal Trade without concurring with the opinions of the author. Emotion and prejudice, however, now so strongly favor socialistic experiments as to make it improbable that a treatise of this kind will receive much attention from the public. Those who derive intellectual enjoyment from ratiocination applied to practical matters, will be richly repaid for time spent in reading this book.

Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II. From the French of Julian Klaczko. (Authorized translation by John Dennie.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

Klaczko's essays are full of interest, not only on account of the grace and brilliancy of his manner of treating history and the vivacity of his style (which is recognizable even in translation), but for the immense suggestiveness of his ideas and the light they shed on disputable problems of the time they treat of. He is a great lover of Rome, he has lived there long and often, and has studied her treasures by all available documentary evidence, and, better still, by his own observation and critical powers, which are of no mean order. Some of his theories are astonishing enough to excite a healthy degree of antagonism in his readers, and to require mature deliberation before any decision as to their permanent value can be arrived at; but Klaczko is never dull: he has the gift of telling a story well, and creating the atmosphere of the people of whom he writes.

The volume begins with an essay on Melozzo da Forlì's fresco in the Vatican Pinacoteca—"that great page of history as well as a great page of painting," according to our author. It represents Sixtus IV., founder of the Vatican Library, giving audience to Platina, who receives kneeling his investiture as Librarian, and is pointing to some verses in elegant Latin at the bottom of the frame celebrating the works of the Rovere. The Pope is seated like a sovereign, surrounded by great dignitaries of the Church, all young, and all his very near relations. Most prominent in the composition is Giuliano della Rovere, Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli, who, after exile and other vicissitudes, became Pope Julius II., the famous patron of art. Then follows the story of a tomb, concerning that wondrous resting-place which Julius II. commanded Michelangelo to design for him. Old St. Peter's Church was ruthlessly torn down to make room for it and in order that the new Basilica should be high enough to contain this splendid monument to a pontiff who had begun his career in the Church as a follower of St. Francis. Michelangelo suffered much from the procrastination and loss of time over the carrying out of this design, which was finally abandoned, the Pope losing his interest in this personal matter while occupied with the greater issue of building for the Catholic world a temple of unprecedented grandeur. Klaczko gives us a very clear description of the old Basilica of St. Peter's, with the ceremony of the Pope laying the foundations of the new church.

Another essay relates all that is known of the statue of Julius II. which Michelangelo was commissioned to execute for the façade of San Petronio at Bologna, to celebrate the recovery of that city by the Holy See, and of which there exists neither drawing nor engraving, nor even any intelligent description. We are told that on the 21st of February, 1508, "at the hour recognized as propitious by astrologers," the statue of Julius II. was lifted to its niche over the portal of San Petronio to the sound of drums, trumpets, and bells. The Bolognese, however, revolted, three years later, and, with the help of the French, got back their Bentivogli rulers. The Maréchal Fleuranges relates:

"In the city of Boulone over the portal of the church, on high, a pope all in massive copper, which Pope Julius had caused to be made, which was as large as a giant, and could be seen from a great distance. The Bentivolles, having a spite at it, put ropes round its neck, and, by strength of men, pulled it down, and broke the neck of it. Then incontinent the Sieur de Bentivolle had it melted, made a double cannon of it, and in six days fired it at the castle."

Fleuranges writes as an eye-witness, but Bolognese chroniclers aver that it was not till many months after the taking of the castle that the statue was destroyed, on December 30, 1511. The fragments were sent to Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who made cannon of them. Thus perished the only bronze statue by Michelangelo, and it is noteworthy that although it cost him three years of hard work and he was constantly lamenting "the tragedy of the tomb," which he called also the tragedy of his life, he rarely referred to this statue, no sooner completed than destroyed. It would seem that he took little interest in it.

Klaczko's belief that Michelangelo's Christ in the Pietà, now in St. Peter's, but originally executed for the French Ambassador at Rome, the Cardinal Jean Villiers de la Groslaie, was inspired directly as to its type and execution by the Apollo Belvedere, will not be generally accepted. The Apollo was discovered at Grotto Ferrata in a property belonging to Giuliano della Rovere some years before Michelangelo's first stay in Rome, and stood at that time in the garden of the Cardinal's house at S. Pietro in Vincoli, and was considered one of the masterpieces of classic art by all the connoisseurs of that art-loving moment. But the Apollo Belvedere is no longer in fashion, and the present age shrugs its shoulders at a statue which Renaissance artists held as perfect; criticising its academic pose and sleekness of execution,

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while Michelangelo's Pietà still holds a high place in general appreciation. Klaczko points out how entirely the great Florentine left out in this work all the painful characteristics suggested by the subject and so emphasized by the earlier sculptors of the quattrocento; how he sought only to express beauty of form, feature, and expression, without even suggesting the rigidity of death in the Christ, while the Madonna's face is youthful and full of tenderness and love—the only note of agony being in the gesture of her left hand, that seems to call Heaven to witness her grief. He sees in the form of the Christ great similarity of type to the virile beauty of the Apollo, as also in the treatment of detail and surface. This similarity seems so clear to him that he can account for its not having been remarked by earlier writers only because the date of the finding of the Belvedere statue has not been long certified to have been before Michelangelo's stay in Rome. Klaczko sees in the four religious sculptures of Buonarroti, the Pietà, the Madonna of Bruges, and the two reliefs of the Bargello and the National Gallery, the immediate influence of the great statues of antiquity, and the lofty conception of an ideal humanity in which the three principles of the colossal, the impassioned, and the nude prevail. All his work from that time on bears the impress of this influence.

The volume contains interesting accounts of Raphael's work in the Vatican, Michelangelo's in the Sistine, and the history of the time up to the death of Julius II. The illustrations are good and well chosen for reference, and the translation is satisfactory.

The Art of the Pitti Palace. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1903.

This is one of a series of illustrated guidebooks to the art galleries of Europe. It fulfils its purpose adequately, being of a convenient size to carry about, and containing all that is essential for a visitor to know about the contents of the gallery, both from an historical and a critical point of view. The opinions of art writers are liberally quoted, from Vasari to Berenson, and the lives of the painters are given briefly, as also the legends and anecdotes connected with the paintings and other works of art.

The first chapter tells the history of the Palace itself and of its founder, Luca Pitti, the man whom Guicciardini calls "the first citizen of Florence." He was prior, gonfalonier, ambassador to Rome, ambassador to the Sforza at Milan, besides being occupied in business ventures of magnitude for the times he lived in; he is said on one occasion to have sent ten trading vessels to England, Constantinople, and Barbary, and this enterprise alone enriched the state above the amount of one hundred thousand florins. His popularity was beyond question, and this fired Luca Pitti's ambition to aim at the highest power and overthrow the Medici, who looked upon him as a friend and adherent. From 1458 to the death of Cosimo the supremacy of Luca Pitti was unquestionable in affairs of state, and his *régime* was one of unmerciful taxation, which he used to serve his own ends.

He had already set about building himself a palace which should in magnificence surpass those then existing in Florence. He had chosen a splendid position on a hillside, and in 1440 intrusted the design to Brunelleschi, the architect of the dome of the cathedral. Brunelleschi is not responsible for the palace as it now stands, for his original design was carried out only to the second story when he died. Prof. Cosimo Conti has been able to define what Brunelleschi's intentions were, by means of a plan of the building in the Uffizi, and a painting of Alessandro Allori's in Santo Spirito, in which the façade of the Pitti Palace appears in the background, as again in the portrait of a lady of that family. These prove that there were three central arches in the basement, with seven windows on the second floor. An open loggia above is seen in Brunelleschi's sketch. The proportions have been entirely changed by subsequent architects. Bartolommeo Ammanati, about 1568, added the whole *cortile* and garden front and the wings to the second floor; he also changed the ground floor, which, like all fortress structures, was solid, by introducing round-arched windows to relieve the gloom. But these changes came about after the fall of Luca Pitti, who, lured by Pietro de' Medici's simulated friendship and the negotiations of a marriage between Luca's daughter and Lorenzo de' Medici, was off his guard and allowed himself to be voted out of power by the same method of a "Parlamento" he had used to get his supremacy.

Pitti's ultimate fate is unknown, and his grandson, Buonacorsi, was obliged in 1549, for want of means, to sell the palace to Duke Cosimo I. de' Medici, who bought it with its gardens, orchard, and farms for his wife, Eleanor of Toledo. During his occupation of the palace he began the collection of art treasures, which was greatly increased by his successors. The Grand Duke Ferdinand II., by marrying his cousin, the Princess Vittoria della Rovere, endowed the gallery with the great collection of the Duke Federigo of Urbino, her father, giving also Duke Cosimo II. his own father's collection, which had hitherto hung in the Uffizi. After the Medici had become extinct and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany had come into the hands of Francis II. of Lorraine, twenty of the large rooms in the Pitti were filled with pictures, and it became a recognized gallery about 1798. Sixty-three of the best works were sent to Paris by order of Napoleon, but fifty-six of these were returned in 1815. It was in 1833 that the last Grand Duke Leopold II. opened the gallery to the public.

Our author tells us that, at the wedding of Cosimo First's daughter Lucrezia to Alfonso d'Este, the first drama with music, by Francesco Corteccia, was performed at the Pitti. Again, in 1600, when Maria de' Medici married Henry IV. of France, "Euridice," written by Octavio Rinuccini and composed by Jacopo Peri, the recognized beginning of Italian opera in which the recitative was introduced, was performed; so that the Pitti is not without musical associations.

The book is well illustrated.

Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. With illustrations from his own designs. Edited by Elizabeth Luther Cary. In two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

The House of Life: A Sonnet Sequence. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: H. M. Caldwell & Co.

Miss Cary's edition of Rossetti has many points which will commend themselves to the poet's ever-widening circle of admirers. The idea of illustrating the book with reproductions of Rossetti's own drawings and pictures is a good one, although frequently the pictures have no connection with the poem beside which they are placed. Both poems and pictures bear the date of their completion, and if there is any interesting information concerning when and where and how the poems were written, Miss Cary gives it in notes before each. In many cases, when the poems appeared first in the shortlived Preraphaelite periodical, the *Germ*, Miss Cary gives the earlier version in smaller print and afterwards in the form Rossetti decided should be final. He had the habit of ever seeking more felicitous expression, and it is interesting to compare the emendations which time and thought evolved with the original inspiration.

Miss Cary, in her preface, discusses the well-worn theme whether Rossetti was better equipped to be a painter or a poet. She seems to think his choice of painting as a profession was influenced chiefly by the difficulty of earning a living by poetry. Leigh Hunt, when consulted, had replied that poetry "is not a thing for a man to live upon while he is in the flesh, however immortal it may render him in spirit." On the other hand, Rossetti's picture, when having the same subject as the poem, often conveys the intensity of his meaning far more convincingly than the poem does. Miss Cary declares that one can understand Rossetti adequately only by studying pictures and poems side by side; but she also recognizes the impossibility of conveying in reproductions anything but the design and general arrangement, while the emotion produced by the deep chord of color in the pictures is not transmittible when they are reduced to monochrome. Miss Cary has also sought to furnish the reader with a "more satisfactory mental picture" of the artist's identity, by quoting amply from his own letters. She says: "Nothing he has painted or written for the general public suggests that frank, infectious laughter, that incisive speech akin to wit, that ready generosity of mood, by which he was known within his circle."

The poems are arranged according to the date at which they were written. The typography, wide margins, and plain green-cloth binding, form a suitable presentment, and the illustrations, though rather too black in some cases, are fairly satisfactory.

The elaborately decorated edition of Rossetti's 'House of Life' is a sad travesty of the Kelmscott Press. The type is good, as also the initial letters of each sonnet; but the floral frames encircling the two pages are neither well designed nor effective in black and white; while the frontispiece, a pastoral "lover and his lass," is quite out of keeping with the archaic style of decoration of the volume.

The Forest. By Stewart Edward White, Author of 'The Blazed Trail,' etc. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. New York: The Outlook Co. 1903.

There are those to whom the forest means little but mosquitoes, burs, cobwebs, and other agents of physical discomfort; there are those again to whom its shadows and

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its silence bring unendurable mental depression; still others who look to it merely as the theatre for the use of the rod and gun; and again there are some whose natures are so attuned to its essential characteristics that they love it for itself, enjoy its companionship, and find in it a source of mental and spiritual inspiration. Such, by the ample evidence of the book before us, is Stewart Edward White. Going into the woods does not mean to him a two weeks' camping party within easy reach of some railway station, where fresh eggs and milk and butter may be delivered daily from a neighboring farm-house. He takes the forest on its own terms, plunges so far into its depths that only long days of steady tramping can put him again into communication even with the outposts of civilization, and carries with him just as few of the inventions of civilized society as he can safely get along with. After you have been out on one forest trip, he tells you, empty your "duffel-bag" upon the floor and sort the contents into three piles. Into the first put what you have used every day; the second will contain what you used only occasionally, and the third what you did not use at all. When you go again, leave the last two piles at home. Even a coat he has come to regard as a needless encumbrance, since an extra sweater is more easily carried, more comfortable, and more serviceable. The present volume deals with the Canadian country north of Lake Superior; but, as the reader gets well into it, questions of geography or of any other science cease to concern him. If he is not capable of enjoying "the forest" rather than any particular forest, this book is not for him. Few of Mr. White's descriptions are such as would with no other data enable one easily to identify the places.

As the eye strikes the heading of chapter ix., "On Flies," one naturally expects the usual wise discourse on Jock Scotts, Dusty Millers, Parmachene Belles, and all the rest, and is surprised to find that it is deer-flies, black flies, midges, and mosquitoes instead. These have to be reckoned with, after all, even by the most enthusiastic forest lover, and Mr. White gives very helpful suggestions growing out of his own experience as to the best methods of reducing the nuisance to its lowest terms. We shall find here none of Tolstoy's philosophy in 'The Cossacks,' when painting Olyenin hunting in the woods along the Terek:

"Myriads of midges literally covered his face, his back, and his hands. . . . He started to go home, but, remembering that men live through such things, he resolutely made up his mind to put up with it, and allowed the gnats to devour him. And, strangely enough, towards noon that sensation began to be agreeable to him. It even seemed to him that if that atmosphere of gnats surrounding him on all sides, that paste of gnats which rolled up as he passed his hand over his face, and that intolerable itching over his whole body were absent, then the forest there would have lost for him its character and its charm."

Two chapters appeal especially to the angler, one on "The 'Lunge" and the other on "The Catching of a Certain Fish," which, of course, means the trout. The latter is evidently Mr. White's prime favorite among the trophies of the water, and such would doubtless be the case with all of us if trout of the size which he describes had not been pushed back into such remote regions as to be beyond the average angler's time and means. Mr. White has just recently had a word to say about reviewers who jump with both feet upon errors comparatively as insignificant as "a violet in a caucus of polecats," but we cannot avoid putting at least one foot down gently upon a point in his "'lunge" story. The 'lunge in question got away, and an examination is reported to have shown that "that thick brass wire had been as cleanly bitten through as though it had been cut with clippers." There are other ways by which the wire could have been parted, and Mr. White would do well to consider closely the relative hardness of the two substances involved before settling down permanently to the conviction that it was bitten through.

Not the least interesting chapters of the volume are those which deal with the "woods Indians," those far-away remnants of the race who have come so little into contact with white men that the original instincts, modes of thought and action of the native American remain in them relatively unimpaired. As but few of his readers are likely to be woodsmen, Mr. White should have been more careful always to explain the technical terms of the craft, when he found it necessary to use them.

The mechanical execution of the book, which the author appropriately dedicates to "Billy," his half-breed guide, is the fine work of the Riverside Press.

Le Travail du Style enseigné par les corrections manuscrites des grands écrivains. Par Antoine Albalat. Paris: Armand Colin. 1903.

M. Albalat returns to the task of teaching the art of writing, in a third book which adds little to the canons he has already established, but possesses a curious interest from its comparison of the methods of various French writers. His aim is to prove by example the necessity of critical, even toilsome revision, and he takes up successively the authors most addicted to it, discusses one instance of futile revision applied to a style not to be recommended (though classic, and taught as such in the schools), and ends with fluent and prolific writers who were satisfied substantially with their first draft. Such an exhibition as this required a labor scarcely inferior to that held up for admiration, and involved the examination of whole volumes of erased and tortured manuscript, reaching, in the case of Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' sometimes to the sixth recasting of a considerable passage.

Forty-five pages are devoted to parallels from Chateaubriand, pronounced the greatest prose writer of the nineteenth century. Flaubert succeeds, with thirty pages, and M. Albalat has to admit that this novelist carried revision to an extent which left him sterile and dried-up at last. Extant manuscripts of Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Héloïs,' compared with the printed page, make an examination of the leading eighteenth-century prose-writer's work-shop easy. Hugo labored over his manuscripts, but was indifferent to the printer's proofs, whereas Balzac's ardor of perfection was wreaked mainly upon these, and, as M. Albalat bears witness, with no perceptible improvement in the last correction over the original form. Our author's opinion of Fénelon and George Sand is well known. He declares useless and wasted all the modifications bestowed on 'Télémaque,' since a silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear; and George Sand's limpid flow produces monotony and forbids recurrence to her works. Nevertheless, he has the candor to quote from her (at p. 285), with approval, her friendly admonition to Flaubert to abandon thinking of form as an end in itself: "it is only an effect." This is really a criticism upon M. Albalat's manuals, and it repeats itself when he comes to Stendhal (who predicted that Chateaubriand would cease to be read in 1913), and asks how we are to justify his reputation in view of his want of critical sense, satisfaction with his first draft, and poor vocabulary; in view, moreover, of his having created one imperishable work, 'Rouge et Noir,' and his being the literary father of Tolstoy.

M. Albalat's answer is that Stendhal's substance surpasses his form; which is the same as saying that genius transcends rules and can dispense with the patience which Buffon associates with it in his famous definition. This agrees with what M. Albalat himself says at the very outset (p. 11): "It is useless to counsel the mediocre writer to take pains; he will not get far. The good writer alone will correct, but he will always see what escapes others." Yet we are gravely told on page 104 of Bossuet's letter to the Cardinal de Bouillon, in which he explains "comment on arrivait à 'former' son style *et avoir du talent* [italics ours]." There is an instructive remark attributed to the poet Heredia, that "his most complicated sonnets are those which cost him the least trouble, while he remade eight or ten times those which seem the most simply written." Yet some of the latter might well have been produced with as little travail as the former. To the fact that they were not, we can only reply, in homely phrase, "Some pork will boil so," while asking whether the labored sonnets are invariably the better. M. Albalat is inclined to suspect revision where the evidence is wanting, as in the case of Pascal's 'Pensées,' which have all the air of *premier jet;* Pascal must, he explains, have worked them over in his head before committing them to paper. No doubt; it is one of the processes of thought in all stages, from genius down. With those who do not think in advance, phraseology and ideas change between pen-strokes.

To sum up, there is comparatively little discipline for the inexperienced writer in these pages, so far as the illustrations are concerned. But the work as a whole will repay reading on account of its characterizations of a great number of distinguished writers (Flaubert above all), its discussions by the way, its anecdotes, its bibliographic references in footnotes, its citations of theories of style and literary production. One might think the author's store now exhausted; but he announces still another volume as in preparation.

Appleton's New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary. (Successor to Velázquez's Abridged Dictionary.) By Arturo Cuyás. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

It is not surprising to find in this new dictionary "4,000 modern words and 2,000 acceptations, idioms, and technical terms not in the latest edition of any similar

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work." The dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy has been taken for a basis, and, excepting archaic forms, practically every word contained in that immense compilation is here embodied. Of course, with regard to definitions and examples of the meanings of words the Academy's dictionary is in a class by itself. Nevertheless, the claims for the new publication seem not over high. While Velázquez was good in his day, and in many respects advanced the work of his predecessor Seoane, he fell into some of the pitfalls of the lexicographer. Señor Cuyás has avoided many of these, and has made a compilation showing a marked improvement over that of Velázquez, which it is designed to replace.

In the matter of pronunciation, excepting in a few cases, no attempt is made to pronounce Spanish words. A well-defined set of rules prefaces the book, and this is supplemented by an explanatory key placed at the bottom of each page which renders possible an approximate pronunciation of each word. In the English-Spanish division, however, because of the inherent difficulties of the English pronunciation, each word has been marked for the Spanish enquirer, and the scheme employed seems quite satisfactory. No explanation has been made of the sharp differences in pronunciation which exist in the language as spoken in the Iberian peninsula and in Spanish-America. In the New World the *c* before weak vowels (as in *cielo*) has a tone value of *s;* and the *z* before strong vowels (as in *corazon*) has a totally different value from the Castilian. Besides these and other distinctions (such as in the case of *ll*), it would have been a fine stroke to give those words which are peculiarly American the pronunciation they bear in their own country. The 'New International Encyclopædia' has made this discrimination to a limited extent, and it is to be hoped that others will continue it.

Señor Cuyás has gone to the extreme of almost wholly avoiding long definitions, adopting the plan of equivalents instead. Here a danger lies in the possibility of defining one term by another whose meaning may be obscured or as little known as the foreign word itself. This is specially likely to occur with obsolescent words and in the technical sciences. It may be replied that for the expert there will arise no difficulty. Dictionaries, however, are not made exclusively for experts. To illustrate this, let us take the neologism *radium*. It is marked a chemical term, and its Spanish equivalent is given as *radio*. Turning to *radio* we find that it is defined as "radius of a circle; circuit, district; (anat.) radius." In this instance not only is there failure to provide a definition of radium, but there is the added sin of omitting to list it with the equivalents under *radio*. In general, we remark, not enough regard has been paid to the coördination of the two departments. Words are occasionally left in the air. For example: *chicotear* is not mentioned as an equivalent under *whip*, though *whip* is given under *chicotear*. Some definitions are strained. *Disingenuous* hardly means by several shades of blackness "doble, falso." And surely *corsarios* much better expresses the sense of *buccaneers* than *filibusteros*. On account of space exigencies, too, some definitions have been curtailed.

By cataloguing a vast number of new terms which have enriched the language in the Philippines and Spanish-America, Señor Cuyás (who in this respect had a distinguished predecessor in Salvá) has rendered a distinct service. If one wishes a contrast, let him turn to Ochoa's 'Novísimo Diccionario de la Lengua Castellana' (1893). There one finds few of the words which are current throughout the Spanish-American world, yet this was to ignore the growth of the language in a quarter where it shows exceptional vitality.

A feature of this dictionary to be commended is the fulness of the treatment of such words as *á, con, que,* etc. Under the last, twenty-three examples are given of varied use. With the infinitive of irregular verbs, the fundamental tenses from which the other modes are formed are given. We find, on turning to *querer:* "(ind. *quiero;* pret. *quise;* fut. *querré;* subj. *quiera*)." Definitions with examples follow. Looking further, we discover that even *quiero* appears in its alphabetical place, and under it *quiera, quise.* This is a great saving of time. The diacritical marking has been done with care. Señor Cuyás is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of this serious work. For compactness, completeness, and general excellence it has no rival.

Four Years under Marse Robert. By Robert Stiles, Major of Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co. 1903.

This readable narrative has an abundance of stirring incidents, now amusing, now tragic, of the heroic resistance against the armies of the Union maintained by the Confederates in Virginia from 1861 to 1865. As might be inferred, the story is largely of personal reminiscence, and is one of a large class which throw a stronger light upon the motives of the secession movement among the rank and file of the South than do most of the grave discussions of the Constitutional reasons for the civil war. While the critical world will still believe that the South attempted secession because of its devotion to slavery—partly through a false political economy, and partly because its sagacious leaders perceived that their conceptions of republican principles were in irreconcilable antagonism to those which were steadily resuming control of the national legislation—our author accounts for the ardor with which he and his Virginia neighbors enlisted for war, when some of them had recently been strenuous opponents of the doctrine of secession, by their indignation against the invasion of their homes by the army of the Union. The essentially distinctive spirit of the Southern volunteer, so he declares, was his determination "to defend his own hearthstone." This is, quite likely, as good a reason as young men can generally give for their readiness to seek hazardous ventures. War especially has always been invested with an air of romance, no matter for what cause it was waged, even when it invited many an eager spirit to engage in the numerous filibustering expeditions which, in the years close upon the civil war, the South stealthily sent to the West Indies and Central America, and which a sober afterthought can scarcely justify as inspired by zeal for human liberty and justice. Fighting for one's hearthstone covers a multitude of sins; but since the South had been long preparing for war, by drilling its men and laying up stores of arms, and made the first assault upon the national authority, the vicinity of the hearthstone was a well-stocked arsenal.

The old Southern legends of the comparative numbers of Confederate troops in the critical battles are still maintained by Major Stiles; as when he quotes Southern authorities, whose figures have often been shown to be random guesses or careless calculations, to prove that Antietam was fought by 35,000 Confederates against nearly 90,000 Union men. The probability is that the men who came into actual conflict at Antietam were numerically about the same on each side, although McClellan had some 20,000 more in reserve. The Southern way, which Northern generals hardly ever employed, was to put every man into action, and this explains why the inferior Confederate forces were so steadily successful.

The tenderness with which McClellan is spoken of in this book is a curious instance of the extent to which the Southern judgment was long influenced by the supposed political sympathy with slavery, or at least hostility to any interference with it, on the part of certain Union generals. When we consider the inadequate use of magnificent opportunities made by McClellan, some other motive than admiration of his military skill must be sought in the almost constant praise bestowed upon him in Southern memorials of the war.

Among the Great Masters of the Drama. By Walter Rowlands. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1903.

This is an attractive little book to look at, well made, well printed, and profusely illustrated with reproductions of well-known pictures or portraits; which might serve to beguile an idle half-hour in a waiting room, but offers nothing of value to any moderately well-informed person. It contains absolutely nothing in the way of original research or opinion, but is compounded of brief extracts from writers of more or less authority and from anonymous effusions in the daily press, referring to the subject nominally under discussion, and these are selected with very little discretion, although it is only fair to say that Mr. Rowlands appears to have read pretty widely in search of them. His treatment of Voltaire is a fair example of his methods of book-making. Eight of his very lean pages are devoted to this genius, and seven of them are devoted to Carlyle's account of Voltaire's arrest by order of Frederick the Great to explain Girardet's picture of the incident. Part of the remaining page is occupied by a biographical note of the painter. Shakspere, Molière, and thirty actors, ranging from David Garrick to Mary Anderson, are disposed of in equally summary fashion. Of many master dramatists and almost equally famous players no mention whatever is made. Mr. Rowlands can find room for Edwin Forrest, John McCullough, and Mary Anderson, but none for E. L. Davenport or for Quinn, Samuel Phelps, Marlowe, Congreve, or Sheridan. But other omissions are yet more fantastic. The chapter on Sir Henry Irving, for instance, says not a word about his *Mathias, Hamlet,* or *Shylock,* but only gives a eulogy on his

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Dr. Primrose, by (of all persons in the world) Mr. Clement Scott. Some of the portraits are very good, notably those of Rachel, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Abington, and Macready, and none the worse for being familiar.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Beach, Joseph Warren. Sonnets of the Head and Heart. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Beckett, Arthur William à. The à Becketts of "Punch": Memoirs of Father and Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Berdan, John M. The Poems of John Cleveland. New York: The Grafton Press.
Bickford, Faith. *Daddy Joe's Fiddle.* Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 40c. net.
Big Animal Picture Book. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $2.50.
Bingham, Joel Foote. Gemme della Letteratura Italiana: Modelli di Prosa e Poesia con notizie biografiche, giudizi critici, e argomenti delle opere principali antiche e moderne. Florence: G. Barbèra; New York: Henry Frowde. 35s. net.
Bolen, George L. *Getting a Living: The Problem* of Wealth and Poverty—of Profits, Wages and Trade Unionism. The Macmillan Co.
Bolton, Charles E. Travels in Europe and America. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50 net.
Book for Little People. Illustrated by E. Stuart Hardy. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Bridgman, T. J. Jest-Nuts. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.25.
Brown, Arthur Judson. The New Era in the Philippines. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Brown, William Garrott. The Foe of Compromise, and Other Essays. The Macmillan Co.
Buel, Elizabeth Cynthia Barney. The Tale of the Spinning-Wheel. Litchfield (Conn.): The University Press.
Buisso, Ferdinand, and Wagner, Charles. Libre-Pensée et Protestantisme Libéral. Paris: Fischbacher.
Burgess, Gelett, and Irwin, Will. The Reign of Queen Isyl. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Burgin, G. B. The Shutters of Silence: The Romance of a Trappist. New York: The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.50.
Burrow, F. Russell. Alexander in the Ark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Byron, Lord. Poems of Sentiment. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Caillard, Vincent H. P. Imperial Fiscal Reform. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40.
Campbell, John Edward. Introductory Treatise on Lie's Theory of Finite Continuous Transformation Groups. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.
Carlyle, R. W., and Carlyle, A. J. A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. I., The Second Century to the Ninth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. $3.50.
Chambers, David Laurance. The Metre of Macbeth: Its Relation to Shakespeare's Earlier and Later Work. Princeton (N. J.): The Princeton University Press.
Cheever, Harriet A. *Brother Bunny. Boston:* Dana Estes & Co. 40c. net.
Church, Alfred J. Greek Story and Song. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Cooke, Edmund Vance. Impertinent Poems. Boston: Forbes & Co. 75c.
Cotton, Buel P. Zoölogy. Descriptive and Practical. Part I.: Descriptive. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Creevey Papers: A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M. P. Edited by Herbert Maxwell. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Davis, M. E. M. A Bunch of Roses, and Other Parlor Plays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Davis, Noah K. The Story of the Nazarene in Annotated Paraphrase. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.75 net.
De Normandie, James. The Beauty of Wisdom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Deutsch, Leo. Sixteen years in Siberia: Some Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. Translated by Helen Chisholm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Dix, Edwin Asa. Champlain: The Founder of New France. (Series of Historic Lives.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.
Dixon, Thomas. The Leopard's Spots. New edition. *New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.*
Dobson, Austin. Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay). (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co.
Dudley, Myron Samuel. Williams College, Class of Sixty-Three: Fortieth Year Report. Williamstown, Mass.
Dunbar, Paul Laurence. When Malindy Sings. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Essays of Leigh Hunt. Edited by Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Finley, Martha. Elsie and her Loved Ones. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 85c. net.
Fisk, May Isabel. Monologues. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Fontaine, André. Conférences inédites de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture. Paris: Albert Fontemoing.
Freeland, Holman. Trelawny. New York: Edward F. Clode.
Freeman, Edward A. Vol. I. The Historical Geography of Europe. Vol. II. Atlas to the Historical Geography of Europe. Third edition. Edited by J. B. Bury. *Longmans, Green & Co.*
From Friend to Friend Kalendar. Evanston (Illinois): William S. Lord.
Fruit of the Spirit Poetically Interpreted. Selected by Alice Jennings; introduction by Edwin Markham. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Genius of J. M. W. Turner: Special Winter Number of 'The Studio.' New York: John Lane. $2 net.
Goad, Harold Elsdale. The Blind Prophet: A Dramatic Poem. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.
Grant, Anne. Memoirs of an American Lady: With Sketches of Manners and Scenes in America as They Existed Previous to the Revolution. Also a Memoir of Mrs. Grant by James Grant Wilson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Gossip from Paris during the Second Empire: Correspondence (1864-1869) of Anthony B. North Peat. Selected and arranged by A. R. Waller. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.
Grimm, Brüder. Kinder- und Hausmärchen. Edited by B. J. Vos. New York: American Book Co.
Hawkins, C. C., and Wallis, F. The Dynamo: Its Theory, Design, and Manufacture. New edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The Marble Faun. New York: Howard Wilford Bell. 51c.
Hay, John. Castilian Days. Holiday edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Haywood, Marshall De Lancey. Governor William Tryon, and his Administration in the Province of North Carolina, 1761-1771. Raleigh: E. M. Uzzell.
Hedin, Sven. Central Asia and Tibet: Towards the Holy City of Lassa. 2 vols. Illustrated. London: Hurst & Blackett; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.50 net.
Hemstreet, Charles. Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.
Hennepin, Louis. A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America. Reprinted from the second London issue of 1698, etc. 2 vols. Introduction by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $6 net.
Higginson, Ella. The Voice of April-Land, and Other Poems. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Hill, Frederick Trevor. The Web. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Historic Buildings, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Hoar, George F. Autobiography of Seventy Years. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.
Howes, Abby Willis. A Primer of English Literature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hunter, William Wilson. A Brief History of the Indian Peoples. New edition. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 90c.
Jones, Edward F. Richard Baxter: A Story of *New England Life of 1830 to 1840. New York:* The Grafton Press. $1.50.
Joyce, P. W. A Social History of Ancient Ireland. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $8 net.
Kellogg, Sanford C. The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia: A War Study. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.
Kelly, William Patrick. The Cuban Treasure Island. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Keystone of Empire—Francis Joseph of Austria. By the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress.' Harper & Brothers. $2.25 net.
Kingsley, Charles. Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face. 2 vols. Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. $2.
Lang, Andrew. The Valet's Tragedy, and Other Studies. Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.20 net.
Langdon, Stephen. The Annals of Ashurbanapal No. II. (Semitic Study Series.) Leiden: E. J. Brill.
Laws and Principles of Bridge, with Cases and Decisions Reviewed and Explained. By "Badsworth." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.45 net.
Life of Hector Berlioz as written by himself in his Letters and Memoirs. Translated from the French by Katharine F. Boult. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Macaulay's Life of Johnson. Edited by Albert Parry Walker. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mann, Horace. The World Destroyer. Washington: The Lucas-Lincoln Co.
Maugham, H. Neville. The Book of Italian Travel (1580-1900). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Grant Richards. $3 net.
Marvin, Walter T. An Introduction to Systematic Philosophy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Maude, Cyril. The Haymarket Theatre: Some Records and Reminiscences. Edited by Ralph Maude. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Max, Fred. Soul-Return. (Soul-Science Series.) Boston: E. H. Bacon & Co. $1.25.
McCarthy, Justin. Portraits of the Sixties. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net.
McLaughlin, James M., Veazie, George A., and Gilchrist, W. W. New First Music Reader. (The Educational Music Course.) Boston: Ginn & Co.
McMahon, James. Elementary Geometry—Plane. (The Modern Mathematical Series.) New York: The American Book Co.
Meade, Laura T. A Gay Charmer: A Story for Girls. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Memoirs of Madame Vigée-Lebrun. Translated by Lionel Strachey.
Meynell, Alice. Children of the Old Masters (Italian School). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12 net.
Meynell, Wilfred. Benjamin Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.
Mifflin, Lloyd. Castalian Days. London and New York: Henry Frowde.
Mills, W. Jay. Through the Gates of Old Romance. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.
Möller, Wilhelm. Are the Critics Right? Historical and Critical Considerations against the Graf-Wellhausen Hypothesis. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Monsanto, H. M., and Languellier, L. A. A Practical Course in Spanish. Revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, jr. New York: American Book Co.
Moore, F. Frankfort. Shipmates in Sunshine: The Romance of a Caribbean Cruise. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Morris, William. Pygmalion and the Image. Illustrated with Pictures by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. New York: R. H. Russell.
Morrow, Lowell Howard. Atalantis. Boston: Eastern Publishing Co.
Nesbit, W. D. Little Henry's Slate. Evanston (Illinois): William S. Lord.
Old Puritanism and the New Age. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50c.
Palmer, George H. The Nature of Goodness. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Parker, Edward Harper. China, Past and Present. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Payne, John. Vigil and Vision. London: The Villon Society.
Peabody, Josephine Preston. The Singing Leaves: A Book of Songs and Spells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Poems of Tennyson. Edited by Henry van Dyke and D. Laurence Chambers. (Athenæum Press Series.) Boston: Ginn & Co.
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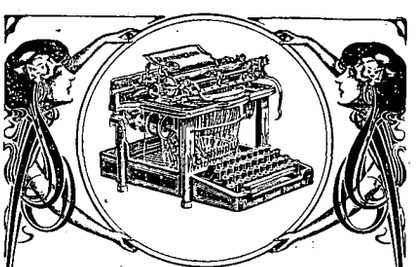

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